

異世界魔王と 召喚少女の奴隸魔術

The King of
Darkness Another
World Story

SLAVEMAGIC



むらさみのわく
ILLU 鶴崎貴大

8

Isekai Maou to Shoukan Shoujo Dorei Majutsu

Vol.8

by Yukiya Murasaki

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彼女の肌に汗が浮かんだ。
「んう……んう……んう……んう……どう、ですか、陛下？」

Sweat rose to the surface of her skin. "Nn.....nn.....nn.....nn.....How, is it, Your Majesty?"



With an absent minded expression, Krum nodded. "Nhaa～.....Diablo.
Washing the body.....it feels good -noda naa"

誰かが食堂に飛びこんでくる。

「ディアヴロ!?

声をあげて現れたのは、
まだ寝間着姿のままのレムだつた。



Someone burst into the dining hall. "Diablo!?" The one that raised their voice and appeared, was Rem who was still in her sleep-wear.

CHARACTERS



A top Player of a game that is really similar to this other world. He actually has a communication disorder, and if he isn't acting as his character, he is unable to even hold a conversation. A self-proclaimed『Demon King of Another World』



A Pantherian Summoner. The Demon King Krebskrum was sealed within her, but she was finally able to take it completely out. She is too serious.



The Elven Princess. Accepting Diablo in as the King, she finally became the Queen. She claims to be a Summoner, but she is an expert at the bow. Her speech and conduct is lax.

Character Introduction 登場人物紹介



Rafleisha S. Orangewood



Durango

Chief of the Dark Elves and a Miko. A possessor of demonic breasts.

His outward appearance is that of an Orc, but he is the prime minister of the Elven Country. Secretly a lover of tiny breasts.



Krum

The Demon King Krebskrum that was sealed within Rem. When they revived her, she was a biscuit-loving little girl. Disguised as a person of the Races, she lives in Faltra City.



Edelgart

A Demonic Being who assisted in Krum's revival. In order to earn money for the Demon King's biscuits, she ended up working at a bakery.

Prologue

Part 1

When he looked up, stars twinkled in between the thriving leaves.
The chirping of insects could be heard.
Diablo then looked down to the ground from the top of the large tree.
He couldn't see anything. It felt like looking into a bottomless hole.
Since the Elves possessed the night vision ability, they didn't use torchlights.
Besides, for the residents of this other world, going to sleep at the same time as
the sunset and waking up together with the sunrise was normal.
Diablo had also grown accustomed to that custom, and was already sleepy.
—I've become pretty healthy now.
His lifestyle in his former world was all about internet games. Since there was
also a competition factor in the MMORPG Cross Reverie, night was when the
number of participating Players increased.
(Negotiations and collaborations could also be done, but that was far beyond
Diablo who was lacking interpersonal skills.)
In those times, he would sleep together with daybreak and wake up just past
noon.
The sound of footsteps treading on leaves approached him.
A pig Orc faced Elf stood next to him.
"Your Majesty."
He called out to him like that.
Diablo had become the new king of the country of Elves—of the Greenwood
Kingdom.
For him who had professed himself as a Demon King to become king of the
Elves.....It had a very strange feeling to it.
Right now, he was at the top of the large tree with was the royal family's
residence.
The pig face that called out to him had the name of Durango.
He had the outward appearance of an Orc, but he was in fact an Elf that an
understanding of politics and economics and also excelled in martial arts. He
also had a strange secret, but let's leave that aside.

"Good work today, Your Majesty."

"Hmph....."

While showing a haughty attitude, Diablo nodded.

He was poor at talking with people.

If he were to respond with his original self, words wouldn't come out very well. Wouldn't I offend the other person? Wouldn't I disappoint them? Wouldn't I be made fun of? His head would become full with such anxieties. That is why he took the image of the character he played as in the game for a long time, and behaved like it.

If Diablo didn't do his Demon King role play, he had a communication disorder where he couldn't talk properly.

Durango lowered his head.

"I am terribly sorry that the meeting dragged on and ended up ending at this time. Although it is small, a country is a country, and it is necessary to have many of the citizens come to an agreement."

—Now then, how should I reply?

Replying with appreciation wasn't Demon King-like.

The ones known as Demon Kings were imposing and overbearing, so in other words, he had to be a being that induced fear.

However, with the occurrence of several problems, he understood that the Elves would be bewildered.

At the very least, he wanted to convey that he would also cooperate. Though, the most that Diablo could do was fight against enemies..... Thinking that he would try to make an appeal to that part, he opened his mouth.

"I shall exterminate them."

Durango panicked.

"N, no! The entirety of the populace has consented to Your Majesty's enthronement, and there is no mistake that they praise and welcome you! I am terribly, terribly sorry that my words were lacking and agitated your heart!"

".....U, mu?"

Although he nodded from going along with the flow, it was different from the reaction that Diablo expected.

He thought that he would reply saying that he was reliable, or that it was reassuring to hear that.

Durango changed the topic.

"Your Majesty, what you had said about this afternoon's Demonic Beings, is that true?"

"Hmph.....It would not be a lie, that strength was genuine."

"So it's as we thought, the Great Demon King Modinalaam has.....awakened." His voice trembled.

The name Modinalaam had appeared in the MMORPG Cross Reverie as the 《Demon King of Insanity》.

It was a Golden Week limited time event.

In the game, it was an all-rounder type that used both the spear and magic, and was a formidable enemy whose attribute values were abnormally high.

However, its eccentric actions of putting debuffs on itself and giving buffs to the challengers stood out.

It was possible to win even at a low level if one was lucky, and conversely, it was possible to lose even at a high level.

With the comments from the Players being things like [It's too much of a game of chance], [Even the boss battle is a gacha], and [It's management of insanity], it's popularity was questionable.

Since the item obtained when it was defeated was valuable, a great number of people participated in the event despite the complaints though.

Naturally, Diablo also fought it.

—Well, it will probably be different from how it was in the game though.

The Modinalaam in the MMORPG Cross Reverie didn't claim to be the Great Demon King, and it didn't absorb the other Demon Kings.

It was a different thing.

It would be better to think of it as an unknown enemy.

"It would seem that Modinalaam's objective, was the 《Demon King of the Heart, Caldia》 that was sealed in this land, wasn't it?"

"Yes. And unfortunately, it was stolen.....This is the height of regretfulness."

"Hmph.....It will be fine if I just defeat them. Even if a small fry swallows up several other small fry, a small fry is a small fry! I am the true Demon King. I shall pulverize them!"

Could he really win against Modinalaam?

Since Diablo was doing his Demon King role play, he declared that while

brimming with confidence.

However, his instincts as a Gamer was telling him this.

—As things are now, it'll be tough.

By fighting against the subordinate small fry, one could infer the strength of that stage's boss. He couldn't say he would have a certain victory.

Having no way of knowing Diablo's inner thoughts, Durango loosened his facial expression.

"Your Majesty, it truly is reassuring to have you as king."

"Hmph.....Leave it to me."

"It seems that God has also approved of your enthronement. The withering trees have regained their vitality, and they have started to grow large fruits."

What he pointed to, it was too dark for Diablo and he couldn't see anything.

Even if the surroundings were well-lit, he was unable to differentiate between the good and bad conditions of the trees.

".....God huh."

"It seems that it has been blessed. Since this is the first time someone that wasn't an Elf had become king, there were many that felt anxiety, but now we can have a peace of mind."

"It sure is strange."

"What, do you mean?"

"For this forest, blessings are given by having a king—that is what is said, right?"

"Yes. That was the promise with God."

"I thought it had the meaning of being like the country would fall to ruin unless the politicians were settled in, but in actual fact, the trees and shrubs were resuscitated, and are bearing fruit—that is what you said."

"There is no mistaking it."

"In this world, priests use 《God's Miracles》. Even lost limbs can be put back as before."

"That is quite a high-ranking miracle."

"And then, just a few days ago.....I had seen the corruption of the Church in the royal capital, and even fought against it. The faith of the current High Chief Priest was genuine. She had the resolution to even offer up her life to God."

"As expected of you and her."

"However, when that person had fallen to an assassin's dagger, nearly died from a curse, and even caught and thrown into jail, God did not appear to help her."

"Goodness!? For such things to happen....."

"In this world, does God exist? Does He not?"

Durango paused.

".....God does exist. However, people are unable to understand His will—that is what I believe."

"Fumu."

He remembered that Lumachina also said something similar. His heart wasn't completely cleared of doubt, but it seemed that he had no choice but to accept it as that sort of thing.

After that, they exchanged some words.

Part 2

After a little while, Durango said this.

"Your Majesty, it is about time for your bridal night.....Princess Shera.....Pardon. I believe the new Queen Shera, is waiting."

"B, bridal night.....you say?"

"The populace is in anticipation for an heir."

The country of Elves prospered because it had a king. At the same time they welcomed the new king, it was only natural that they would desire his successor. Having lost both of the elder brother princes, and with the death of the previous king, Shera was now the only one that held the royal family's lineage.

Durango pointed deep into the forest.

"The royal family bedchambers are at the end of this branch. It is on the third large tree over. Seeing as how the Queen Dowager has already changed residences, there is no need to feel reserved."

"O, ou."

"I shall also take my leave. By all means, please be gentle with her. Though, since I am sure you have long since formed a relationship with her, I believe you are already used to it by now."

He seemed to be misunderstanding something, but he absolutely did not have that sort of relationship with Shera. He has touched her body on accident though.....

Putting it bluntly, Diablo was an inexperienced person. His amount of experience was zero.

Durango bowed, and then left.

He was left alone.

Rem and Rafleisha were probably already asleep in the guest house. Rose who had damaged her right arm was resting on the maintenance bed in the 《Demon King's Labyrinth》.

Diablo turned his eyes towards the end of the branch. A dim light was lit. Elves did not need lighting.

In other words, that, was a light for the sake of beckoning Diablo.

—A bridal night!?

"Nonono.....Something like children, it's a bit too early for me.....I haven't mentally prepared for it after all."

Forgetting the Demon King-like speech and conduct, Diablo turned his back towards it.

However, he himself was the king, and Shera was the queen. It surely wasn't too early.

At the very least, the Elves were desiring it, and none other than Shera herself even said that she understood it.

Diablo made a dry gulp.

He headed towards the place where the light was lit.

".....Well, this is Shera we're talking about. She might already be asleep. It seems like she would be."

The branch shined with magic.

That place was covered with vines that were in a half-spherical shape, and was arranged so that those inside couldn't be seen from the outside.

There was a bed where grass was piled up.

A dress-figured Shera, was waiting with a nervous expression.

—So she was awake.



Chapter 1: Trying Out Having the Bridal Night

Part 1

Noticing that Diablo had come, Shera stared at him with her emerald eyes.

"Ah....."

"Umu"

What was with the "Umu"? Even he himself who answered like that didn't understand it.

She opened her mouth with a stiff expression.

"Although I am incocompletent^[1]Erm.....I will be in your care."

Maybe having been taught that by her mother or someone, she said words that she wasn't used to with difficulty, and lied down on the bed of green piled up leaves.

Diablo didn't know what he should do.

"G, guess we should sleep?"

"Uh-un? I don't really get it but.....On the first night we become a married couple, it would be alright if I just leave my body to you like this, that's what Kaa-san said."

He didn't know the circumstances of other households, but in Diablo's case, even if she left it to him, it wasn't alright at all.

It would be nice if things happened automatically if he just clicked like it did in bishoujo games though.

—Was auto mode not implemented in this other world!?

However, a Demon King that was estranged from lovers' talk was uncool.

Diablo curved the ends of his lips.

"Hmph.....Just leave everything to this Demon King."

Shera's cheeks dyed red.

"Un. As I thought, Diablo, you sure are amazing. You know everything."

"Naturally. I am a Demon King after all."

He started to have a cold sweat.

He was much more nervous than when he fought against the Demon King Caldia during the day.

—If I screw up, I'd be ashamed to death!

Shera opened her light pink lips.

".....Diablo.....I really am thankful for how you always save me."

"Mu? Ah, well, those were just times where I felt like it."

"When it was against the Elven elite force, and even when I was about to be brought back by Kiira-nii-san.....Even when I was about to be abducted by strange Adventurers.....You even protected me from Faltra City's Feudal Lord-san, and from the dragon, and from other monsters."

"I felt like it."

"Although it looked like I was going to get married to Durango-san, Diablo, you saved me."

"He is surprisingly sensible. You might have been able to make a happy family with him, you know?"

Although his outward appearance was that of an Orc, his abilities and personality weren't bad. As expected of the new king candidate that the previous queen had chosen.

Shera tilted her head.

"Nn—.....Although he might not be a bad Elf.....He has kind of a different feel to him."

"Your instincts are sharp as usual."

Durango was a super flat-chest lover.

And then, Shera was the owner of big breasts that were not typical of Elves. He unconsciously turned his gaze towards them.

Her two bulges looked like they would spill out from her dress that had a small cloth area at any moment.

—Is it, alright to touch them?

He had only touched them on accident up until now.

However, he had never touched them of his own will, without an excuse, or simply because he wanted to touch them.

To touch a woman's chest just because he wanted to!?

"Is that sort of thing allowed.....?"

"What's wrong, Diablo?"

"Ah, no."

It should be fine, right!? is what he thought as he shook his head left and right.

They were already a married couple after all.

A married couple!

Even though he had never had a girlfriend before! On the contrary, he hadn't even talked with a woman with his original self!

He felt like a pillbug soaring through the sky.

—Is Shera, really happy being married with a pillbug like me?

Pessimism started to sprout.

She was the sole survivor of the Elven royal family, and the forest's blessings would be lost if she didn't get married to someone.

This was a marriage for the sake of the country.

Her choosing Diablo as her partner, was because he was strong. That was probably the only reason.

He had been called a "companion" by Shera, but he had no memory of being given an expression of love.

Rather, it was just as she said right now.

"I really am thankful for how you always save me"

Feelings of gratitude and feeling of love were different.

Even with his communication disorder, he could understand that much.

Saving someone from foreign enemies, healing someone's injuries, or helping someone out of poverty.....With those sorts of deeds, he might be thanked for them.

However, although the other party thanked him, thinking that they had fallen for him would be way too childish. If one could make a person fall in love with them just by helping them, then doctors and police officers could probably make harems.

Gratitude is gratitude, and love is love.

—Guys who think they could get girls to fall in love with them just from saving their lives, they are fundamentally overconfident.

He stopped his hand that he extended.

Shera had closed her eyes.

".....Diablo.....I love you."

She had said that.

He gulped.

Her words repeated inside of his mind over and over. His brain slowly understood the meaning of it.

"Shera.....you....."

His voice was involuntarily shaken.

Her eyes closed, she let out a slow, long breath.

"Ku—, supi—"

"Eh? O, oi?"

"Nnyu.....munyu munyu.....I also love.....fruits."

Going *Buhaa*, Diablo spit out his breath.

"So it was sleep-talk!"

He thought that it would be something like that!

Matching with Shera's sleeper's breath, her large bulges went up and down.

They were really round, and looked soft.

However, Diablo couldn't do anything.

If he had the personality that could just act upon his desires, he surely would have had a different way of life.

Should he go to sleep himself?

Even that was impossible.

Even if he were to lie down next to Shera, in spite of not touching her with even a single finger, there is no mistake that he would greet the morning while being anguished and being unable to get a wink of sleep.

".....This is no good.....Let's sleep in the guest house."

The plan was to depart tomorrow. He needed to recover the MP consumed in the battle that day.

Leaving the sound asleep Shera, Diablo left the royal family bedchambers.

Translator's Notes:

[1] It should be "incompetent". She says ふつつかなのですが instead of ふつかもの.

Part 2

He climbed down the large tree that the royal family bedchamber was in. In Diablo's hand, there was a branch that shined with magic. It was something he borrowed from the bedchamber.

That light shined on someone.

—Who is it?

It was a young, black Pantherian girl.

She had slender limbs, a budding chest, and a lean body build. Her night scene eyes opened wide.

"Eh!? Diablo, why.....!?"

"Why if it isn't Rem. You as well, what's wrong?"

"Ugh.....U, um.....When I though about how you and Shera, would spend the night together.....I just couldn't calm down."

"Fumu."

Although he sagaciously nodded, he had no idea what she meant.

Could it be that she figured out that he was actually an inexperienced person, and was worried if he could do it skillfully? Or, was she concerned about Shera's body? No, was she worried about the Mazoku making another attack?

Rem's expression was dark.

".....Are you already done?"

"Nat"

Naturally! is what he was about to say, but reconsidered it.

Tomorrow, if Shera were to talk, it seemed like his bluff would be exposed. To put up airs saying that he did when he actually didn't.....putting it moderately, it would be so damned uncool.

Diablo shrugged his shoulders.

"Shera had fallen asleep you see."

Rem breathed a sigh.

".....That does sound like her. But, Diablo, you won't sleep together with her?"

It's because I would be anguished and unable to sleep! is something he couldn't say.

"I did not like the bed of leaves."

"I see. You might not be able to calm down with that."

"We will be leaving early tomorrow. You should also go to sleep."

".....We'll be returning to Faltra City, right."

She had returned to her usual intellectual atmosphere. Was she in a strange state a little while ago?

Starting from neither one of them, they started to walk to the guest house.

They illuminated the pitch dark forest with the shining branch he borrowed from the bedchamber.

Diablo told her the plan.

"First, it is Faltra."

".....After that, will we be headed to a different place? I believe that there was a request from Sylvie saying that she wanted us to participate in the city's defensive battle though?"

The Fortress City Faltra was the front line base of the people of the Races. It was a personal request from Sylvie, the Adventurer's Guild Guildmaster of that city—She wanted them to cooperate in the fight to protect the town from the Demon King Army.

"This is necessary for the sake of that."

As things are now, he was doubtful that he could win against the Great Demon King Modinalaam.

The Modinalaam that appeared in the MMORPG Cross Reverie was an enemy whose attribute values were abnormally high.

Now that it was absorbing other Demon Kings on top of that, he couldn't even predict its strength.

At the very least, it was an event that didn't occur in the game.

—Well, a great gathering of defeated bosses, that would be a cliche development though.

Rem talked with a smallish voice.

".....If Diablo thinks that it is needed, then it's surely needed. I also intend on doing everything that I can do myself."

Suddenly, a question welled up.

"Now that you mention it, this is something I hadn't asked about before but..... Rem, why did you become a Summoner? Pantherians are a race suited for close

combat. They excel in STR and AGI."

".....Yes."

"On the other hand, they are a race with little MP. It is not a suitable occupation, is it?"

During the time a Summoned Beast is used, MP is constantly consumed. If several were summoned at the same time, an enormous amount would be consumed.

Rem talked after being silent for a bit.

".....It is because I thought that among the Adventurers, that was the safest. It's because I had a body that wasn't allowed to die."

"Fumu."

The Demon King Krebskrum was sealed within Rem's body. Like a curse inherited from mother to daughter.

".....However, now, thanks to you Diablo, I was able to take the Demon King's soul out from this body. I don't feel like I'll be defeated just yet, but it might be best to study a Class suited for me."

"Will you try developing as a Warrior-type?"

".....I am thinking of aiming higher as a Summoner. However, as of right now, I have a sense of impending crisis of not being useful to everyone."

"That much huh."

".....In the fight against the Demonic Beings from this afternoon, I wasn't even able to chase after the enemy with my eyes."

"It was an opponent of considerable level after all."

She held her own shoulders as she trembled.

".....The truth is, I had noticed this long ago. I, am weak."

Diablo was unable to reply to Rem's muttering.

Right now, she was around a level 50 Summoner. Her abilities were considerably increased with the equipment of the treasury, but it was a fact that she was unsatisfactory.

After thinking a bit, he told her.

"To win against the Demonic Beings from this afternoon, one needs to be above level 100. There is a need to surpass the limit of the Races."

".....The limit."

I also intend on develop abilities as a Warrior—are the words that Diablo

swallowed.

He had told this to Rose, but he kept it a secret from others.

Training because the next enemy seemed strong didn't fit the image of a Demon King. Isn't waiting for the Hero to level up little by little what a Demon King does?

Diablo placed a hand on Rem's head.

"Do not worry. Advance onwards. No matter how far it seems, face towards your own ideals, and do not run away from the first step that is right in before you. If you do, then you will surely not regret it."

".....It is just as you say. I had lost my objective after having the Demon King Krebskrum's soul taken out, and having personally seen the Demonic Beings' strength, I seemed to have been impatient."

"For today, you should get a good night's sleep. As for what to do next, you should think about it tomorrow after you wake up."

"Yes."

The guest house came into sight right then.

Part 3

The guest house of the Greenwood Kingdom which did not have many visitors wasn't all that big.

There was a spacious room at the end of the entrance hall. A round table that about ten people could use was placed there.

After saying good night to Rem, they parted.

There were two bedrooms at the back.

Rem and Rafleisha used the one on the left, and Diablo used the one on the right.

When he closed the door, it became dark as if he had closed his eyes. He had placed the shining branch in the dining room, and although there were windows, not even moonlight could get through due to the overgrown leaves. Diablo fumbled about, and slipped into the bed.

Monyu.

The fingertips that he slid on the sheets touched something soft.

"What the?"

He tried caressing it.

"Nn....."

The sigh of a woman could be heard.

Diablo opened his eyes wide.

—Who is it!?

It was pitch dark, but he gradually grew accustomed to the darkness.

There was no mistake that there was a prior guest in the bed.

After touch about, was it their back?

Squirming about, the other party stirred. They slowly raised their body.

"Eh.....? Diablo-sa.....Your Majesty?"

"That voice, is it Rafleisha?"

"Y, yes."

He wasn't clear as to what her expression was, but he could tell that she nodded.

It seemed that the one that slept in that bed was the chief of the Dark Elves,

Rafleisha.

He had been doing a Demon King role play, but he still had an uncomfortable feeling from being called "Your Majesty" by the Elves.

"Why, are you sleeping in this room?"

"Your Majesty, it is because I heard, that you would no longer use the guest house....."

Now that she mentioned it, that was only natural. Since he had become the king of this country, it would instead be strange for him to sleep in the guest house.

".....The bed of grass did not suit me."

"So that was the case. I am terribly sorry, using your room like this."

"Do not worry about it. Just go ahead and sleep like that."

When Diablo tried to get up from the bed, he turned his back to her.

Seeming to be able to see him since Dark Elves also have the night vision ability, Rafleisha extended a hand to him.

She put it on top of his hand. Maybe because she had been asleep up until now, it was cold.

"Please wait, Your Majesty."

"What is it?"

"Today, you risked your life for me. After driving my benefactor out from the bed, there is no way I could sleep peacefully."

Rafleisha was manipulated by Demon King Cardia, and nearly died at the end.

Diablo saved her with an 《Elixir》 that he possessed. The thing known as an 《Elixir》 was a standard restorative medicine in medieval-style fantasies, and it seems that the original inspiration for it was a legend of alchemy. In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, it was a precious potion that would completely recover HP, MP, SP, and Bad Statuses in an instant. As expected, not even Diablo had enough in stock to use them endlessly.

He was thinking of trying to sleep at the root of a tree outside or something for tonight but.....

Diablo nodded.

"If you say so, then I shall sleep here."

"Yes."

She moved to the side of the bed.

So they would be sleeping together.

He didn't mind it at all—if he said that, then it would be a lie.

Rafleisha had astonishingly large breasts. Hers were especially abundant even among the Dark Elves that were voluptuous as a race, and transcending huge breasts, they could be called 『demonic breasts』.

Having a comparatively slender Elf-like waist, she truly had a captivating body type of a thin body and huge breasts.

—If it were a normal man, would they get aroused?

It wasn't a problem if he was only sleeping next to her.

For Diablo, no matter how close an attractive woman tried to get close to him, he had a habit of thinking that they would be unrelated to him anyway and ignore them.

If things like wives and bridal nights weren't said to him, he wouldn't be so anguished to the point of being unable to get a wink of sleep.

To be honest, he did feel like wanting to touch them a bit though.....

He only thought that.

That's how it should have been.

Rafleisha asked him a question.

"Your Majesty, did something happen, with Queen Shera?"

"Wh, why do you ask?"

Rather, he felt like the problem was that nothing had happened.

"Even if the bed of grass did not suit you, then it would be normal for the Queen to come with you."

".....Shera had fallen asleep ahead of me, you see."

"Ara ara.....To think she would fall asleep before the gentleman on the bridal night."

"Hmph."

He didn't want her to speak badly of Shera, but he couldn't say that it was due to him being hesitant. Being estranged from romance wasn't Demon King-like. Let's hurry up and go to sleep—When he thought that, a chilly hand touched his chest.

"Mu?"

"Your Majesty.....if, it isn't impolite of me to ask.....I am thinking that I would like to appease your seething but, how about it?"

His mind went blank.

—Seething!?

Diablo, while being unable to arrange his thoughts, replied with Demon King-like speech and conduct that was ingrained into his body.

"Do as you like."

Part 4

"Fufu.....In that case, please excuse me."

Rafleisha's hand that was touching his chest slowly moved down.

She touched him from above his clothes.

Being too surprised, Diablo was completely shriveled up. Although he showed a big attitude, he was shaken up in his mind.

"Hmph.....What is the meaning of this?"

He asked the question with few words sounding self-important, but saying this much took all he had.

Rafleisha answered while massaging him with her hand.

"Any woman would be charmed by an attractive man."

"That's a lie."

He declared that right away. Being a Demon King, should he have instead affirmed the evaluation that he was an attractive man?

However, even though he was avoided for being things like ominous or scary, he had never been praised as attractive.

Rafleisha's hand slid inside of his clothes.

Diablo was about to involuntarily scream like a girl, but swallowed it back down.

Her fingers touched his shriveled up part.

"Ara ara? Could it be that you do not feel any attraction towards me? Are Dark Elves not to your taste?"

"Ugh.....It isn't like that but....."

"Could it be, are you nervous?"

"D, do not say something so foolish. I am a Demon King. As if I would be nervous, with something of this level."

A dark room.

On top of a bed.

Gripped by a woman who seemed to be skilled.

Honestly, he was shaking. Desperately enduring it so that the trembling didn't go to his voice, he spoke.

"Answer, my question."

"Well now, this is troubling. There are no lies in my words of saying that Your Majesty is attractive but.....Other than that, I suppose it is as thanks for saving my life."

"For something of that level? I do not understand."

"Could I not receive your consent.....Your Majesty, I thought that you would be a gentleman that would not seek a reason for these actions. That you would eat me like meat lined up on the dinner table."

"Ugh....."

He might have been seeking reasons for this and that because he was inexperienced.

When it turns into this kind of atmosphere, do riajuus enjoy the deed without any excessive inquiries.

—This really is impossible.

Things like being attractive, or doing this as thanks, they didn't seem like anything but lies.

If he didn't hear a reason that he could consent to, he wouldn't calm down.

Rafleisha stimulated him with her fingertips. Her gentle caressing was just right for his rigid and nervous body.

"Fufu.....Have you felt it a bit?"

"Ah, well, umu."

"I truly only have personal feeling but.....Ahh, that's right, Your Majesty, you were enthroned as the Greenwood King. As the chief of the Dark Elves, I probably have an ulterior motive of wanting to become intimate with you."

"Fumu, I see."

Was it alright for the representative of an organization to get intimate with this sort of deed—It wasn't like he didn't think that, but it was an explanation with some persuasive power.

The instant his nervousness slackened—

A stimulus ran through his spine as if it had bursted out. It felt as if electricity flowed through his lower body.

"Ugh"

"Ara ara.....So suddenly.....Amazing."

"Is, is that so?"

"As I thought, it would seem you do not have an abundance of experience."

—She figured it out!?

As if his heart were grasped, he shuddered.

He reflexively raised his voice.

"Do not say something so foolish! Hagu!?"

Rafleisha pressed her lips against his. She even suddenly put her tongue in.

"Nmuchu"

".....!?"

It was a kiss.

He had it done to him by Rem and Shera when he was summoned to this world, and he had also done it with Krum for the sake of the 『Slave Contract』. He had a passionate one with the Zircon Tower City Feudal Lord Lamnites.

However, since her tongue use was quite skillful on top of it being a surprise attack, Diablo was surprised and froze up.

"Nchu.....Chupu.....Nfuu.....It has been a really long time, since I did it with a man.....It really has....."

"Mu? With a man?"

"Juchu! Nfufu.....Do you find it strange? The Blackwood Dark Elves are nothing but females after all."

Now that she mentioned it, there weren't any men in the Dark Elf village. Since they couldn't make a living in the forest that was nothing but poisonous plants, it seemed that they went outside to make earnings.

"Do you like women?"

"I do like men as well. I did have a fiance after all."

"Ahh....."

The story was that he had been killed by the 『Holy Army』 that the Lifelia King of three generations ago had dispatched. Did they have this sort of relationship? Counting from there, Rafleisha was quite older than him.

"I have a female lover in the village but.....Right now, I yearn for you, Your Majesty."

Her hand's movements became stronger.

The stimulus increased.

"Kuh....."

Involuntarily, he leaked out a moan.

Rafleisha smiled looking delighted.

"Fufu.....You are quite sensitive, aren't you."

"No, this is....."

"It is fine, at least at a time like this.....Just forget everything, and enjoy it, okay?"

Is it alright to forget things?

Although he was thinking about various things, everytime his lower body was stimulated, his thoughts would disperse.

—Ahh, I'm becoming stupid.

Rafleisha's finger use was masterful, and even though she was touching nothing but a single part of his body, it was as if she were caressing his whole body. It is said that in the human body, in cases where one knows that there is a stimulus, there is a mechanism that decreases the sensation of that part.

If one got ready for it, it would be hard to feel heat and pain.

Even in regards to the lower body, the stimulus done by another person feels even strong and deeper than a stimulus done by one's self.

Rafleisha's lips moved from Diablo's mouth, to the nape of his neck.

And then, she caressed the tip his chest with her tongue.

The muscles along his spine trembled.

Her tongue flickeringly stimulated the tip.

"Nfufu.....So this place is sensitive as well."

"Ah—....."

This was his first time knowing that was a weak spot for men as well.

When he was detached from his Demon King role play, Diablo would become unable to speak out words other than things like "Ah—" and "Uh—".

And then, before he knew it, his clothes were taken off.

She was surprisingly skillful.

She also stripped.

Within the darkness, dashed with a vague light, only the contour of her naked body could be seen. On top of having a slender waist, she had two gigantic bulges.

Being released from the binding of her clothes, *tapun*, they swayed.

"Please stare at them, Your Majesty.....I, shall make you feel good."

"Uh.....?"

Being played with for so long, Diablo, who was shriveled up at the beginning,

had become about eighty percent energetic.

Rafleisha held it in between her demonic breasts.

There was a tremendous amount of pressure.

It felt as if his whole body was fit in between her tits.

She let out a sigh.

"Nfuu~ This firmness. This heat. As I thought, men are wonderful. And above all, Your Majesty's has a splendor that I've never seen before."

—I'm melting.

Both his brain and body were melting. He had that sort of sensation.

It felt like submerging in warm water on a cold day.

"HAAAaaa....."

Diablo breathed out plenty of his breath from the depths of his chest.

Rafleisha's body swung up and down.

This felt good. As if he were receiving a massage while submerged in a bath.

His body being released from the gravity, only the sensation of a certain point remained.

Sweat rose to the surface of her skin.

"Nn.....nn.....nn.....nn.....How, is it, Your Majesty?"

"UUu....."

"Fufu, that face of yours, it would seem you are very pleased with it. I will make you feel even better."

Not only did Rafleisha swing her body up and down, she raised the bulges of her chest with her hands, and dropped them.

With her chest of quite amount of weight hitting against Diablo's body,

pachin, the sound of flesh colliding with flesh was made.

Being vigorously rubbed, the stimulus became even stronger.

It was a strong stimulus that probably could only be obtained with demonic breasts.

The good feeling that was like being in a lukewarm hotspring steadily changed towards an oppressive attack.

Diablo's breathing became rough as if he had done an all out sprint.

"Ugh, kuh"

"HAAAN! Ah! Ah! Ah! My tips are.....they're tingling.....Nnah! Ah! Nn!
Hiau.....!!"

"Ra, Rafleisha....."

"Nuuu.....Your Majesty's thing, its steadily, getting harder.....Nn! Getting hotter.....Fuan! It's amazing.....It's steadily getting energetic.....Ah! Hiah! It's like a rod of burning iron. Ah! Nn! Fuauuuuh!"

"Uu.....I'm already....."

"AAAAH, please! On me, Your Majesty's—By all means, put it on my body! Ah! Ah! Your Majesty's thing, for it to become, this hot.....Ah! Nn! Amazing.....This is, a first! It's a first for me! Aah! Aaah! I'm, getting burnnnned!!"

The sound of footsteps were made outside of the room.

Dokan! Making a loud sound, the guest house shook.

The door's room—

was kicked open!?

Biku Rafleisha stopped moving.

Diablo was pulled out from the pleasure, as if cold water was splashed on him.

Sobering up all at once, he looked at the entrance.

Fuuuu..... The intruder let out a breath like that of a carnivorous animal.

".....You're so loud that I can't sleep, you know?"

It was Rem.

Her eyes were sparkling in a golden color.

Anger was being released from her whole body.

It were as if she herself had become a Demon King or something.

Gaku gaku Rafleisha trembled in fear.

Even in this sort of situation, Diablo said it straight out with his Demon King role play!

".....I am sorry."



Chapter 2: Trying Out Entering a Family's Estate

Part 1

Two weeks later—

The calendar had changed to November. Even if it was a warm region, the strong winds felt cold.

Shera leaned out from the carrier of the carriage as far as she could.

"It's Faltra!!"

".....Be sure you don't fall out."

Rem who was at the driver's seat said that while making a wry smile.

Diablo nodded in a composed manner.

"So we've finally arrived."

".....It's good that we didn't run out of food. I was wondering what would happen to us when we were kept from moving for three days due to that thunderstorm that happened on the way here."

"Umu, it was long."

There was a double meaning to Diablo's words.

After departing the Greenwood Kingdom of the Elves—

They escorted Rafleisha to the Dark Elf Village of Blackwood, and they would travel for fourteen days to get to the Fortress City Faltra.

Finally, they had arrived.

It was a long journey.

However, it was not only in that meaning—Rem had finally talked to him normally again.

She was the type to quietly be mad for a long time, but this time, it seemed that she really could not stomach how he had gone along with Rafleisha's seduction. She didn't even speak for a long time.

Her prickling gaze had finally returned to the friendly atmosphere it had before. Diablo breathed a sigh of relief in his mind.

—Let's stop going with the flow from now on.

He firmly decided that.

At around noon, the carriage passed through Faltra City's eastern gate.

Rem pulled the reins, and made the horses walk slowly. On the roads, crowds of people were coming and going, and it felt like they would bump into them. On both sides of the main street, stall holders had opened up shop. Having changed into a marketplace, they were spurred on by the crowds.

".....This town is the same as usual. It isn't on the same level as the royal capital though."

"Fumu."

Since Diablo was bad with crowds of people, he shut himself in the carrier. It was better since he was riding the carriage, but he would feel sick just looking at crowds.

Shera spread out both hands.

"There was so many more people in the royal capital, wasn't there—."

".....It was much easier to drive carriages in the royal capital though since the roads were wider."

"Rather, aren't there more people than before?"

".....That's certainly true."

"Is there a festival or something?"

".....There shouldn't be any plans for that, but something might have happened."

Shera changed topics.

"I'm really hungry—. Why don't we have lunch?"

".....At this rate, it looks like it might take some time before we reach the inn, so that might be good."

"I want to quickly meet up with Krum-chan, but she's probably gone out anyway—."

"It did seem like she had recently gotten into an eating tour after all."

Seeming to be pleased with the food of the Races, it seemed that Krum would always be outside at midday and in the evening. Everyday, she would be eating at some shop.

She had a personality that respected food the point that she said that she would "stop destroying the Races since the biscuits were delicious".

Among the Demon Kings of the MMORPG Cross Reverie, there were those with nicknames such as 《Demon King of the Brain》 and 《Demon King of Insanity》,

but for now, would her's be 《Demon King of Appetite Krum》?

The funds for her eating tour are said to be earned by her subordinate, the Demonic Being Edelgart, doing a part-time job at the bakery 《Peter》.

"It would be good if problems haven't occurred but....."

Shera turned around at Diablo's muttering.

"What are you talking about?"

"It seems that Edelgart is working at the bakery, you see."

"Ahh, that's the store that sells the biscuits that Krum-chan loves so much, isn't it."

"She should be in disguise though."

"Mei-chan's make-up, it's amazing, so I'm sure she's fine."

Krum had horns and a tail, and Edelgart had scales and reptilian-like eyes. For those connected to the demonic, they were moderate characteristics, but it would surely be a major incident if they were discovered.

Even though a lot of noise was made over Diablo's horns alone.....

Rem, who was holding onto the reins, asked a question.

".....Shall we try going over there?"

"Let's go—."

Shera raised her hand.

Right now, they were in the eastern district, and the bakery 《Peter》 was in the southern district. The inn 《Relief》 was in the western district.

It would be a bit of a detour, but the path might be less crowded if they leave this main street that had changed into a marketplace.

"I do not mind."

And that is what they ended up doing.

Part 2

They entrusted their carriage to a carriage shop. The southern district was a neighborhood of merchants, so carriage shops were all over the place. Not only could they entrust it with them, they could even be asked to water and fodder to the horses and inspect and repair the frame of the carriage. Since they had gone on a long journey, they also asked to have it inspected. Diablo's group of three walked to the bakery 《Peter》.

In front of the store, there was a crowd.

Rem tilted her head.

".....It seems that it's packed, doesn't it?"

"It is a bakery with delicious food, and it is lunch time after all!"

He didn't deny Shera's words, but he wasn't satisfied with them. Something was strange about it.

Diablo gazed at the customers, and noticed the identity of the out of place feeling.

"A majority of them are men."

".....Now that you mention it, it's strange. There would be more female customers if they were just buying bread though."

"There sure is a good smell in the air—."

The irresistible fragrance of freshly baked bread didn't change even in another world. Since there were few chances to eat delicious things, the appeal of it doubled instead.

Even for Diablo who wasn't picky about his food, he didn't think of going to a different place since it was crowded.

".....Well then, why don't we go in."

Rem said that with a tone as if she were about to go into a fight.

Shera also followed in after her.

He hadn't seen anything like a queue in this town. In cases where it was crowded, if they waited elegantly, they could squeeze themselves in between those that came afterwards.

The residents didn't have the concept of "making a line and going in order".

There weren't even people that disputed about manners.

Rather than it being due to being another world, it was probably just a difference of cultural practices.

However, even without lining up with good behavior, the inhabitants of the town weren't outlaws, nor were they of a savage tribe. He couldn't even find people who exercised violence in the first place.

It was a place where a kindhearted-sounding young man could come up from the side, and, while saying "Pardon me" and making a slight bow if their shoulders touched, would buy bread ahead of him.....

It was that sort of culture.

—Well, since a Demon King lining up for something is a bit strange in terms of image, it really helps me though.

Diablo's group entered the store.

There was a counter, and it was possible to buy bread from there and leave.

Since glass was a super high-class item, there was no show window. The goods were lined up behind the counter, and they were bought by either pointing at them or using the good's name.

The clerk was a young Pantherian girl that had the appearance of a maid.

"Welcome—"

Apart from that counter, the interior of the store had become an eat-in cafe. There were about forty chairs, and that was a lot in proportion to the space of the place. They might have been increased in response to the crowding.

There was an explanation when freshly baked bread and coffee came out.

Rem was surprised and pointed her finger.

".....Diablo! That, what is that?"

"O, ou."

"Wawa!?"

Shera's eyes also went round.

Edelgart in her battle uniform was there.

She didn't have make-up that erased the scales of her skin, and her reptilian-looking eyes weren't hidden either.

She was clearly a Demonic Being.

She only had an apron on her waist.



—Her identity is exposed, isn't it!?

In her hand that usually gripped her spear, she now held a tray, and had tableware piled up on it. She called out to a male customer that had taken a seat.

"Welcome~ ba.....ck? Demon King-sama? Demon King-sama!"

The customer delightedly said "I came again, Edel-chan", and showed a slovenly expression.

Rem and Shera were shaken by her being in her Demonic Being appearance. Diablo made a conjecture.

"Is this.....that?"

Wasn't it something like a maid cafe event?

".....D, do you know something about this?"

"Is it alright!?"

Diablo lowered his voice, and told the two of them.

"You should take a closer look. The customers do not consider Edelgart as a genuine Demonic Being."

".....Now that you mention it."

"No one is scared at all."

To begin with, Demonic Beings are creatures that hunt people of the Races. If one were waiting tables at an eat-in cafe, then it was only natural to believe that it was a cosplay of a Demonic Being.

A Dwarf guest that was lined up next to them started talking about it even though he wasn't asked about it.

"Fufufu.....At first, Edel-chan's make-up being Demonic Being-like became the talk of the town, and then even other clerk-chans started imitating her. And that is why this place had started to be called a "Demonic Being cafe" by the regulars."

"Wasn't the customer called a Demon King?"

"Delightful, isn't it? It's because the Peter-sans are great at playing along."

The shopkeepers of this place were three Grasswalker siblings. It seemed that the three of them together were said to be Peter.

To be told that she was Demonic Being-like by customers and turn that into a selling point, their commercial spirit was strong.

Waiting for a while, Diablo's group was also guided to some seats.

Edelgart came over.

"Ah."

"Looks like you've been working well."

"Diablo-sama.....Back? Welcome, ba~ck!"

"Umu."

The current Edelgart, she works under the Demon King Krebskrum—under Krum. Since he had turned that Krum into his slave, she treated Diablo as her superior.

He didn't know how much of an effect 《Slave Magic》 would show went used on a genuine Demon King but.....

It was standard that things like Instant Death, Paralysis, and Petrification would not work on those of the boss-class.

Rem looked up and down Edelgart.

".....Didn't you have make-up put on you, by Mei-chan at the inn?"

"Rain~, fell."

It seemed that she got wet and the make-up came off.

He understood this after traveling for a bit, but without being restricted to Faltra City, rainy weather was rare. It seemed that it rained more closer to the mountains, and it was more sunny in the plains.

Rain gear wasn't popularized because of that.

Nobles had hats and coats, but normal people didn't use covering against the rain. Umbrellas didn't even exist. Since there wasn't any waterproof cloth, there wasn't any way to make them.

Rem talked with a look of amazement.

".....On rainy days, you should have just taken the day off."

"Suddenly, being absent, from work is~ bother, to store?"

"Ugh.....That is a sound argument but....."

She didn't think that she would be persuaded about the awareness of responsibility in a job by a Demonic Being.

Shera suddenly raised her voice.

"Demon King Roll!"

Diablo thought that his heart stopped. He privately called the way he acted as a Demon King as a "Demon King role play".

Shortened, it was a Demon King role.

He panicked thinking that the secret he hid at all costs had finally been exposed.

Edelgart nodded at Shera's words.

"One~, Demon King Roll."

"Mumu?"

When he dropped his gaze onto the menu—

Mixed in with things like the Demonic Being Galette, the Demonic Beast Pancake, and the Magic Pie, there was the Demon King Bread Roll.

Diablo breathed a sigh, and wiped off the cold sweat.

So it wasn't as if he was exposed.

Rem called out to him.

".....Is something wrong? You are looking pale."

"Ah, no.....It's nothing."

".....I am thinking of having a Magic Pie. What about you, Diablo?"

"Cheese Bread."

The menu limited to the Demonic Being Cafe was attractive as well, but the cheese bread of this store was superb.

Since he was planning on leaving the town again, he wanted to eat it before that.

".....Well then, three coffees along with all of that."

"Certain, ly—"

Edelgart went to the back to give the order.

Looking at the way she worked, not only did she wait tables, she also did quite a bit of chatting with others.

Customers that gave personal narratives, customers that solely talked about their hobbies, customers that drank alcohol during the day.

There were drunkards and customers with loud voices, but being a cafe, there weren't any customers that were that boorish.

Rem gazed at the store interior.

".....This sure is a peculiar store, isn't it?"

"Is it unusual?"

".....Yes. To begin with, cafes had only been made a thing recently."

"Umu."

It was only recently that a certain cafe that was popular in the royal capital opened up a branch store in Faltra City's central district. It was a high-class store that the common people could use due its location and its prices, but

stores that imitate it have increased one after another.

He thought that this place was also one of those, but the atmosphere was quite different.

Since Edelgart came carrying the bread and coffee at just the right time, he tried asking about it.

"Who was the one that thought of this store?"

"Peter? Friend, saw~ at royal capital? Saw!"

She was hard to understand.

Rem digested it.

".....Since a friend of the shopkeepers of this place, saw a similar store at the royal capital, they decided to imitate it, is that it? It wasn't a so-called cafe, but a place where Demonic Beings serve the customers?"

"Demonic Beings~, wrong. Over there, mamono?"

".....Mamono!?"

"Monster?"

She asked several questions to Edelgart who was lacking in words as usual and got some information out of her.

".....It would seem that the one in the royal capital is a Monster Girl Cafe. It seems that the ones waiting the tables have horns and fangs attached and cosplay as them."

"Fumu."

—What's up with that, I want to try going there.

It sounded fun.

If I knew about it when we stayed at the royal capital, I would have gone—is what Diablo thought, but he didn't let it show on his face.

A Demon King going to a Monster Girl Cafe was a considerably hard thing to do.

—Someday, I'll secretly go there, alone!

He secretly resolved to do that.

Nevertheless, just who would have thought of the business conditions of a Monster Girl Cafe? Even though even normal cafes had just been made recently.

Diablo was summoned from his original world, and was transferred to this other world.

Since he had the appearance and abilities of his game character, so it might be a

bit different from a normal transfer but.....

Could there be other transferreess similar to him?

Taking a cup of coffee into his hand, he thought about that sort of thing.

Part 3

According to the carriage shop, the back axel was warped.
Since the body is close to new, you must have either carried some pretty heavy luggage, or climbed steep differences in level, is what they were told.
Diablo was reminded of Rose.
In order to repair the damage on her, she was lying on the maintenance bed that was on the lowest floor of his base, the 『Demon King's Labyrinth』.
With her weight, the reason was probably because they drove it on plains that weren't paved.
Rem negotiated with the carriage shop, and she was able to get them to repair it within their budget and done in about three days.
Since they had entrusted the carriage to them, they headed towards the western district on foot.

Half past three—
Around the time the sun had gone down a bit, they arrived at the 『Relief』 Inn.
Their dearly missed home, it wasn't like that is what it was, but he did feel relieved.
The poster girl Mei waved her hand.
"Wow, welcome back☆ Rem-chan, Shera-chan, Diablo-san, have been doing well -nya?"
".....Yes."
"AH! Krum-chan!"
Shera rushed over while shouting.
It seemed that she had just come back after going out.
Krum opened her eyes wide.
"Oo, so you've come ba.....Uwaah!?"
Shera jumped at her and hugged her closely.
"We're back—!!"
"U, umu.....What happened, Shera? The aura you are clad in is different. I wondered who you were."

"Hoe? Did something about me change?"

Letting go of Krum, Shera stared at her own hands and legs. She was able to see the flow of magical power.

However, it seemed to be a different kind of change from that.

Even Diablo did not feel that Shera was any different from before.

Rem talked with a pensive look on her face.

".....Could it be, does it have anything to do with how she became Queen?"

"Hou, so you became something like that, Shera."

"Yup! I got married to Diablo."

Since her talking voice could be heard even in the dining hall, the customers were surprised, and became noisy.

Mei clapped her hands.

"That's amazing -nya! Congratulations on your marriage☆"

"Thank you, Mei-chan!"

"But, what do you mean by Queen?"

"Erm.....Actually, I, was the princess of the country of Elves. And now I'm the Queen."

Mei turned her gaze towards Diablo.

"The King -nya?"

"Hmph.....Since I was asked to do so, I merely went and became it."

It seemed that there was some sort of change in Shera now that she had become the Elven Queen.

He didn't get it at all.

Come to think of it, when he had brought Lumachina along, something similar had happened. Lumachina evaluated Krum as having a "sinister, dark, evil power", and Krum made a racket saying that Lumachina "had God's stench". It seemed that a real one could tell.

Since Diablo was only doing a Demon King act, he was nothing more than a Demon Magician.

Krum folded her arms.

"Well, it is fine. I am displeased with God's stench getting stronger, but Shera is Shera after all. You have done well to come back safely -noda. Maou shall praise you -noda!"

"Ehehe, thank you—."

Rem took out a bag.

".....We stopped by 《Peter》 on our way back. We bought some biscuits, but would you like some?"

"Ooh! You are thoughtful as usual, aren't you, Rem!"

".....Thank you."

When she held one out without delay, Krum accepted it with her mouth.

Her speech and attitude sounded conceited, but her behavior was like a puppy being fed.

Diablo asked a question to Mei.

"Were there any problems?"

"It's all fine♪ But since Edelgart-chan has recently been going out without make-up, there might be rumors about her going about?"

"With how things are going for her, it shouldn't become a bother."

"Since the Feudal Lord of Faltra City is a strict person, be careful, okay☆"

"I know."

It wasn't known to the public but Diablo had fought against Faltra City's Feudal Lord Galford before.

Having somehow won against him, Diablo made him believe that "opposing Diablo isn't profitable".

However, since he was the Feudal Lord, if he came to know that a Demon King and a Demonic Being were in the town, he wouldn't be able to stay silent.

He needed to hide the identities of the two girls.

"Diablo, let us go!"

With a snap, Krum pointed outside.

"Mu?"

"Did you not hear us? When everyone was talking, you thought "it does not concern me" as usual, didn't you?"

"Hmph.....Do not say something so foolish."

—Since it's exactly as you said, you made me get flustered, you know!?

Rem followed up.

"Seeming to have a recommended restaurant, Krum invited us to go there."

"Biscuits are supreme, but there is something called appropriate cuisine for dinner -noda. You should enjoy the wonderful treat to dinner that Maou has chosen."

"Fumu.....I shall go along with that."

Frankly, he did not have many expectations of it.

He had tried eating the cooking of several stores, but all of them just grilled the meat and put salt and oil on it. The taste overflowing with rusticity wasn't bad, but there weren't any stores that he felt were special.

Part 4

"This is extraordinarily delicious!? What, in the world is this!?"

"Fu fu fu"

Krum made a triumphant look.

Even Rem and Shera were surprised.

The place was a restaurant of the northern district, 《Apetisan》. They were taken to a high-class store, but the prices were considerably fair.

Despite that, the taste was surprisingly refined.

The meat was properly soft, and there was no trouble in biting any of it off. The sauce was a sweet and salty type, and mashed potatoes and a salad came along with it.

As if it were only natural, it was bustling with many customers.

Krum used a knife and fork, and ate elegantly. Since she had eaten everything by using her hands before, she had shown remarkable growth.

"*Uma uma*.....This is what true cuisine is! The cuisine of the Races, is delicious. It had turned into quite something -noda!"

Rem and Shera also gave rave reviews.

".....This store, it is wonderful. This is my first time having such tender meat."

"The mashed potatoes and the salad are amazing too—. This might be the first time I thought something was even more delicious than the vegetables we eat in Greenwood!"

Diablo stared at the meat dish.

"It's enough to make you think that it wasn't made with the same meat as other food."

It wasn't boiled or minced, the meat was genuinely tender. Was the quality of the meat different? Wasn't it close to the taste he ate in his original world?

It was difficult to imagine in this other world that didn't have refrigerators, but was it aged?

As he was having his meal while thoroughly savoring it—

The entrance of the store suddenly became noisy.

"What is it?"

Hearing something that sounded like the angry voice of a man, the customers started to get worried. Even the waiters became uneasy and couldn't calm down.

Three Adventurer-style men wearing lightweight armor entered.

The man at the lead shouted.

"Oraa! Don't stand around there! Lead us to our seats!"

Even if it is a store with fair prices, as expected of a store in the northern district, it was different from a cheap bar. Those sorts of fellows were rare. From the back of the store, a man with a business suit appearance who seemed to be the manager came out.

"I am terribly sorry. Since it will be a bother to the other guests....."

"We are customers you know!?"

"However....."

"Don't screw with me!"

The Adventurer who had a vein surface on his forehead drew the sword on his waist.

The two behind him kicked away the furnishings.

The manager shrank away.

"How could you do such a thing....."

Female customers raised screams, and a surprised waiter dropped some plates.

Things had become outrageous.

Diablo have rose up from his seat.

Getting ahead of him Krum jumped out.

"You bastards! How could you do such foolish actions in a place for pleasant meals -noda! Know some shame!"

She released some bloodlust.

It seemed that the Adventurer-style ruffians didn't understand the difference in ability.

"What the hell, a little girl? An Elf? The stench of a Demi-Human!"

"You damned fool.....You have made Maou mad. You should atone for that personality and lack of intelligence through a violent death."

Krum opened up her right hand.

In that hand, a small black sphere appeared.

"Ha? Is that Chemical Elemental Magic? Guhahahahahaha!"

In this other world, a majority of Adventurers believe the idea that “Chemical Elemental Magic is weak”.

While one’s level was weak, the fact that there was nothing but spells lacking in firepower stood out.

Since even one’s stamina, defensive power, and evasive power were low, the start of it made it a misfortunate Class even in the game. There were many cases where one wouldn’t have any good battle results, die before they realized it, and become a burden to their party.

However, in the game, it was possible to level up in a short amount of time. It was only difficult in the first few days.

The firepower rapidly increased, and it would be possible to defeat things before one could get attacked.

It was a Class with extremely outstanding offensive ability after growing it. It shouldn’t be made light of.

And then, there was one more thing they were mistaken about.

Krum wasn’t a Chemical Elemental Magician, she was a Demon King.

Diablo shouted.

"Do not kill them!"

"Be crushed! 《Thanatos》!!"

The small black sphere that Krum fired hit the ruffian’s sword.

A swirl of black and purple spread out, and the sword was sucked up.

"U, uoah!?"

"Let go of it!"

Hearing Diablo’s voice, the ruffian hurriedly opened his hand.

Like how sugar melts into coffee, the sword vanished into the swirl.

Bota bota Blood dripped down.

"Uaaah.....My fingers are.....!?"

It seemed that since he was slow in letting go, his fingers were caught in the magic.

The man’s companions raised screams and backed away.

Krum pinched the iron-made choker that was fitted on her neck.

"Since my master said “do not kill”, I had no choice but to let you off with just your sword.....Damned blockhead."

Diablo stood beside her.

"Suddenly firing magic that surpasses the limits of the Races like that. For these kind of guys, you could have repelled them with a single hand."

"Are you telling Maou, to touch this kind of scum? How filthy."

"Good grief."

Diablo took a long sword out from his pouch.

The blade dimly shined.

Three pairs of pure white, pigeon-like wings opened up from the sword guard.

《Seraphic Sword》

Seeing its majesty, the ruffians backed off.

Krum knitted her brows.

"You, what is that, that divine sword? Such bad taste."

"Don't say that. For the sake of a certain objective, I expressly brought it out from my 《Treasury》."

Diablo turned the weapon towards the men.

After being glared at, seeming to have finally sensed the difference in ability, they finally turned their backs to him.

Scrambling to be first, the ruffians ran away.

Krum looked dissatisfied.

"Are you letting them get away?"

"Hmph.....Leave them be."

Of course, for Diablo, he couldn't stand those guys, but all the same, he didn't want to be a murderer.

That being said, if he were to hand them over to the Local Knights, the fact that Krum used super high level magic would be made public.

He wanted to avoid having the Feudal Lord have an eye on her.

Diablo put the sword away.

Rem and Shera rushed over.

".....Everything seems to be alright now. I was wondering how things would turn out."

"Krum-chan, you don't have any injuries, do you!?"

"There is no way Maou would fall behind that thoughtless person."

"Thank goodness—."

".....Rather, I was in suspense wondering if you would seriously injure them."

Rem breathed out a sigh.

It would have been a serious injury if they were in his original world, but this other world had priests. There were also recovery potions. Let alone fingers, even lost limbs could be restored.

With those men having been driven out, the strained atmosphere inside the store subsided.

The employees appeared all together, and went around apologizing to the customers for the uproar.

The man with a business suit appearance talked to Diablo's group as they went "good grief" and tried to return to their seats. He introduced himself as the owner of this restaurant 《Apetisan》.

"Dear guests, I have caused you some trouble."

".....It was misfortunate, wasn't it."

"Yes. I am thinking of closing the store for today. Dear guests, I believe it would be best if leave the northern district quickly."

He brought up something strange.

Rem asked him about it.

".....What do you mean by that? Those people from earlier, are you saying, that they weren't just some drunkards?"

The owner talked sounding apologetic.

"Y, yes.....Since about two months ago, the Measmos Family started demanding money from us. When we refused, at the beginning, it was at the level of dumping trash in front of the store but.....Recently, they have been doing this sort of thing where the subordinates march into the store.....At this rate, the store will....."

"What do you mean by the Measmos Family?"

Shera tilted her head, and Rem explained.

".....If I had to put it bluntly, they are a criminal syndicate. They threaten merchants and demand money, and they also steal and scam."

"That sort of thing exists!?"

".....The Local Knights are investigating, but they are a bunch that don't leave behind evidence after all."

"I mean, the people from before!"

".....Even if they were caught, they would surely insist that they "don't know anything about Measmos". There wouldn't be much meaning to it."

"Diablo, can't you do something?"

Shera gazed at him with eyes that seemed to implore him. Even if she said that, they were a bunch that were like the yakuza or the mafia. It probably wasn't a problem that could be resolved that easily.

If possible, he didn't want to get involved with them.

"Hmph.....For a foolish bunch like them—"

"It's annihilation -nano da!"

Krum raised her voice.

After going "Eh?" and looking at her face, anger was burning in her eyes.

"You, you won't say that we should leave them as is, will you!? They are a vermin that have built a nest in our base, you know."

"U, umu, naturally, it is annihilation."

"Yosh! Let's go -noda!"

"You should wait. Do you know the location?"

"Mu....."

"You don't, do you? Man, it is unfortunate. If only we knew their location, I would have completely annihilated them but. We will have to try again another day....."

Although he was making a bewildered face, the owner raised one hand.

"Um.....If it's the Measmos Family's estate, then I know the location."

Krum leaned her body forward.

"Then lead us there!"

"Y, yes."

The owner nodded.

It was no longer an atmosphere where he could say that he "didn't want to get involved with them". Not just Sera, even Rem who was usually composed was making a motivated face.

Come to think of it, Rem had become an Adventurer in order to defeat the Demon King that was sealed within her. It was her nature to try and resolve things if there was a problem.

Diablo breathed a sigh in his mind.

"Krum, try not to stand out too much, got it?"

He had whispered that into her ear, but he was doubtful if she could hear him. The young Demon King's red eyes were brightly blazing.

Part 5

The sunshine had fallen to the other side of the western rampart, and the surroundings have become dim.

At the edge of the northern district, it was a place where redevelopment seemed to be popular. Since it was already late in the day, there wasn't much pedestrian traffic.

There were many buildings that Diablo did not recall.

It seemed that Rem also had similar thoughts.

".....It's as if it's a new town."

The owner who was guiding them spoke.

"Not too long ago, a huge explosion had happened, and the cemetery and rampart disappeared."

"So it was that place!"

Diablo hit his hands together.

On top of coming through a route different from usual, since the place had changed completely, he hadn't realized.

It was the place he fought at when Krum had awakened and turned into the Demon King Krebskrum.

It was none other than Diablo's Maximum Magic 『Apocalypse Abyss』 that had blown away the whole region.

The owner added on to his explanation.

"This area had belonged to Faltra City, but the wrecked ground was leveled, sold to nobles and merchants, and I heard that the rampart was rebuilt with that capital."

"What about the gravesite?"

Shera asked that question.

"A majority of the remains and tombstones had vanished.....However, I have heard that the cemetery was relocated outside of the northwestern wall."

This time Rem tilted her head.

".....It is said that cemeteries outside the wall are devastated by wild animals. I'm amazed that the nobles agreed to that, you know?"

"It seems that there are plans to build a third rampart even further out than it."

"So selling the land wasn't just to rebuild the rampart, but to create the funds for a new one as well."

"Most likely.....Ah, there is the Measmos Estate."

The owner pointed his finger.

At the end of the main street, there was a splendid estate that was a size larger than the surrounding buildings.

The iron gate was even bigger than the one at the Feudal Lord's estate, and seemed to claim as if they themselves were the rulers of this town.

Rem and Shera, who could see in the dark, gazed at it.

".....There are two guards in front of the gate. There are most likely several people on the inner side of the gate as well."

"At the windows, there are people holding bows—."

"Good work guiding us here -nano da."

Krum said that to the owner.

Although he was worried about them, if they could resolve things, then the store could continue to exist—that is what the owner's face was saying as he looked like he was about to cry at any moment.

If possible, Diablo wanted to do something about this.

Taking along Krum, Rem, and Shera, Diablo went forward to the front of the estate.

A scary faced gatekeeper stood in their way.

"Who the hell are all of you? What do you think this place is?"

It was easy to predict that if he were to ignore him and Krum stepped forward, it would turn into a uproar. That being said, neither Rem nor Shera stood up in front of the scoundrel.

Having no choice. Diablo took the lead.

"Hmph.....This place is the den of the punk called Measmos or something, is it not?"

The gatekeepers seethed with anger.

"Did you just say punk!? Don't screw with me! I don't know who asked you to do this, but Measmos-sama ain't some small timer that a mere Adventurer can do something about! If you say anything strange, I'll beat ya ta death, got it!?"

It seemed that there was no mistake that it was this estate.

Krum put up one hand, and let magical power flow out.

"Yosh, it's annihilation -nanoda!"

"Wait, wait!"

In a rush, Diablo stopped her.

"Why is it no good -nanoda!?"

It's because I don't want to stand out—it was hard for him to say that. It would be troubling if Diablo were believed to be afraid of the Feudal Lord.

"Y, you see.....Guys like this, they are arms and legs so to speak. We must find the head."

"I see."

"Rather, what would happen if the head were absent? It would make it pointless, would it not?"

"Fumu fumu, you are wise -nanoda!"

"Naturally! For I am the true Demon King after all."

"Maou is also a Maou though! Wa ha ha ha!"

"Fu—ha ha ha!"

With two suspiciously dressed people that were loudly laughing in front of them, the gatekeepers exchanged words with each other.

"What should we do?"

"Should we call the Local Knights?"

These guys, unlike bandits, they had an outward appearance of being a business organization. They did not balk at conveniently using the Local Knights when there were problems.

And then, for Diablo, he did not want them to call the Local Knights. It was because he did not want the Feudal Lord Galford to know about Krum.

"Oi, you all. Guide us to where Measmos is."

"Wh, what kind of stupid crap are you saying!? We can't let him meet with someone that doesn't have an appointment!"

"If it's an appointment, I do have one. Didn't he just forget to inform you?"
It was a lie.

However, the gatekeepers looked at each other.

One of them said "I'll go check" and went inside.

Diablo nodded.

"It would seem that he is in the estate. Well then, let us go meet with him."

"So we're entering here, right -noda na!?"

"Umu. However, I do not like meaningless noise, so I will do this....."

Diablo touched the iron gate.

The remaining gatekeeper shouted "Don't touch that!", and tried to draw his sword.

Going faster than him, he activated his magic.

"Corrode and fall.....《Rust Burst》!"

On the surface of the gigantic iron gate, red rust appeared, and in the next instant, it crumbled under its own weight.

The gatekeeper became dumbfounded and stood stock still.

"Uh, ah.....!?"

Diablo's group calmly walked onto the grounds.

Part 6

Shuffling about, guys that were either Adventurers or mercenaries came rushing out from the estate. They seemed to Measmos' private army. They possessed surprisingly high level weapons. They seemed a bit more able than the guys that gather at the Adventurer's Guild.

"To challenge me with only that level, how foolish."

Diablo stuck out his right hand and fired 《Lightning Arrow》.

When he had just come to this other world, he was worried about not having a staff in hand, but he had already gotten used to it.

Arrows of light flew.

They ran through the soldiers. Those guys raised screams and collapsed.

Krum made a curious-looking face.

"You used quite the plain magic, considering it is you, didn't you? What happened to that thing that you used on Maou, that thing?"

"What?"

"I think you said it was 《Apocalypse Abyss》."

—That would turn this whole area into a vacant lot again, you know!?

"Hmph.....I said that I do not like noise."

"You used it on Maou, did you not?"

"You could not be defeated with normal magic, you see. It is not needed for the bunch here."

"I don't understand? The guy called Measmos, he might be considerably strong. Or rather, it would be interesting if he were -noda!"

"Do not expect much."

What would happen if he really were strong.

《Apocalypse Abyss》 was a spell that could slaughter a gigantic Demonic Beast. A person of the Races that would require that, as if there would be one—is what he thought.

Above all else, if he were that strong, he probably wouldn't use a crime syndicate in a provincial town. That sounded like he would be a person that would be cut above the rest in the royal capital.

He destroyed the entrance door.

He gave the order "Be sure to monitor things from the sky" to Shera. If the Local Knights came running, or if there was anyone that ran away from the estate, there would be a need to deal with them.

At times like this, Shera's Summoned Beast 『Turkey Shot』 was handy. By sending the bird-type Summoned Beast out to fly, it was possible for the practitioner to share its field of vision. According to Shera, it was something like seeing things from the sky while naked. No, the naked part probably had nothing to do with it. Nothing to do with it.

They randomly went through the estate.

Opening door after door, a great number of subordinates came out each time. There were mercenaries that wore black mafia-like suits, or lightweight armor. They systematically blew them away.

Krum stopped her feet.

"Mu?"

At almost the same time, Diablo also noticed.

There was a man slowly walking from the end of the hallway. His atmosphere was different from the others.

Muscles that were like armor.

He had an extraordinary look to him. His eyes were sharp, and there were sword cuts on his cheeks and forehead.

Let's leave it to him—having looks that said that, the other guys withdrew. So this meant he was fairly skilled.

That man opened his mouth.

"Good grief.....To think that there were fools that would barge into the estate of the Measmos Family.....It seems that you didn't know that I was employed here, did you?"

A black suit that withdrew to being alongside the wall muttered.

"Ugh.....『Scarface』 has finally come out."

"Is he strong?"

The one next to him asked that question.

"He really is.....Having participated in the Orc subjugation operation that happened three years ago, he is a man who is a living legend that was said to have defeated the group's leader, a 『Grand Orc』, in a one-on-one fight."

"Wha!? A Grand Orc!?"

"Moreover, he did it barehanded."

"'Y!?"

The man called Scarface lightly clenched both of his fists and took a stance. It was a natural stance that had no strain.

Diablo was not familiar with empty handed martial arts, but he could feel the awesomeness of it.

—It seems that he's a 《Monk》.

Not using weapons at all, or using defensive gauntlets to protect their limbs at most, it was a Class that did not rely on equipment.

Being a derivative of the Warrior-type, its physical abilities were high.

"It is a principle of mine to not strike women and children but.....it is different if it is for work. I have no intention of going easy on you. Remorse in the next world."

Krum tilted her head.

"Are you, Measmos?"

Rem told her in a low voice.

".....He just said that he was employed here."

"So he isn't Measmos! Even though Maou said that she had come here to meet with Measmos, it has been nothing but misses! Where is he -noda!?"

Scarface expressed a fearless smile.

"If you win against me, I shall tell you."

"Is that so! In that case, I shall face you. Come at me -noda."

"Against a child like this.....This truly is an unpleasant job."

The moment it seemed that the opponent stepped forward—the distance had already been filled. At the same time, he fired his left fist.

Paan! A loud sound resounded.

Krum's face—or rather Diablo's right hand that was stuck out in front of it, caught the opponent's attack.

"Hmph....."

He showed a composed-looking expression, but it hurt quite a bit. He probably couldn't put strength into his right hand for a while.

Scarface displayed an astonished expression.

"You caught.....my fist!?"

"I suppose that is it for a normal attack. Martial artists should use 《Martial Arts》."

"Tsk.....To think I would have to unleash this against an opponent of the Races!
《Claw Rush》!!"

The opponent's fists shined.

Diablo used 《Omit》, and instantly activated his magic.

"《Flare Burst》!!"

However, before the attacks of both sides, the match was decided.

It was Krum's front kick. Having no beauty of an unarmed martial arts kick, it was an ill-formed kick where only her toes were kicked out. However, it was abnormally fast.

On top of that, the moment it made contact, it exploded.

"Gohah!?"

Scarface, without even being able to guard against it, was promptly sent flying in a showy way. Breaking through the estate's stone wall, and into the yard. Having lost its target, Diablo's magic was cancelled.

Krum put her hands on her waist, and stuck out her chest.

"Funmu! Take that!"

"You went too far."

"I held back enough to not kill him, you know?"

"Didn't he say that he would tell us Measmos's whereabouts?"

"Ahh, oh shoot -noda!"

Diablo shrugged his shoulders.

Rem and Shera, maybe due to having sensed the difference in ability, weren't impressed or surprised.

However, Measmos's subordinates were astonished, and froze up.

Their voices trembled.

"Im, impossible.....!? Is this, a nightmare?"

"With a kick of a small girl.....the legendary man was.....!?"

"This is a lie, right.....!?"

Diablo made a coercive tone of voice.

"Oi, you all, I will ask this only once. If you value your lives, then answer me."

They got Measmos's whereabouts from the subordinates.

They kicked open the door.

Part 7

Measmos's office—

In a leather-covered chair behind a huge desk sat a self-important past middle-aged man. Around him, there were four muscular guards standing ready. Alongside the wall, men that they recognized were standing there. Shera pointed at them.

"It's the people that act violently at 《Apetisan》!"

".....There's no mistaking it."

"Wha!? You all, you're from before!?"

The ruffians faltered. It seemed that they did not get the treatment for the fingers yet.

Diablo ignored them and looked at the past middle-aged man that was reclined in the leather-covered chair.

"So you, are Measmos."

"To think.....that you would make it this far....."

With a mortified expression, sweat surfaced on his forehead. So he already knew that the subordinates that he could rely on were defeated.

Measmos himself was of advanced age, and neither SP nor MP could be felt from him. He wasn't the type that had fighting strength.

—I guess I should strongly threaten him so that he'll stop his crimes.

"Ku ku ku.....Measmos, you have been doing as you please in the town I have made my base, haven't you."

"We will massacre you -noda!"

Krum shouted.

—Wait?

That was an announcement of murder, and not even a threat of it.

Measmos grimaced.

"Y, you guys.....Who are you? Which organization were you hired by? Was it the Commerce and Industry Association? The Adventurer's Guild? The Feudal Lord?"

Krum loudly made a declaration.

"I know not of any organization! This is revenge for disrupting our delicious meal -noda!"

So that's how it was.

He thought that it was for the sake of helping the restaurant that was in trouble. He didn't really understand the order of precedence of a Demon King.

"I'll pay double! Even triple! Won't you work for me!?"

She said that she wasn't hired by anyone but—it seemed that she was too disconnected from Measmos's common sense.

Rem asked a question.

".....Measmos, do you intend on mending the unjust acts that have been done in this town?"

"What matter are you talking about?"

".....The men over there, they did harassment at 《Apetisan》. There are even a great number of witnesses."

He was unnaturally surprised.

"What did you say—!? Oi, you guys, so you were doing such bad things! I'll hand you over to the Local Knights!"

"N, no way....."

So Measmos was intending on insisting that the responsibility was not on himself.

Diablo shrugged his shoulders.

"Hmph.....Did you think you would get me to consent with that third-rate acting?"

"I, I get it! I'll leave Faltra City! How does that sound?"

And then he would commit crimes again in another town.

He was a troublesome opponent. This is why he didn't want to deal with crime syndicates.

He didn't want to kill him, but would it be alright to let him go.....?

Krum kicked the ground.

Ton Making a small sound, she instantaneously drew near Measmos.

Of the four guards that should have been protecting their employer, none of them moved. They probably couldn't even chase after her with their eyes.

It was a speed where even Diablo could do nothing but watch.

Measmos raised a scream-like voice.

"Wait.....!!"

Krum's eyes shined bright red.

"I said that I would massacre you, person of the Races!"

Measmos wasn't given the time to resist.

Krum side swiped her right hand.

A torrent of magical power would blast away the man's head, right before that—Shera's shout of "Krum-chan!" resounded.

Having its angle slightly changed, the attack went *jyuu* and went past right over Measmos's head.

"Gyah!?"

The past middle-aged man, became a past middle-aged bald man.

His head remained, but the hair at the top of his head was completely gone.

Behind him—the back of the chair and even the furnishing and the stone wall behind that had vanished.

As if she had torn a painting, the things that were at the end of Krum's right hand completely vanished.

Diablo was astonished in his mind.

—What incredible speed! An attack I've never seen! Was it chantless magic? Or was it an attribute attack?

The awakened state Krebskrum had a way of fighting that was like a child throwing a tantrum. She fired high-powered attacks in rapid succession, but her movements were crude.

Without a doubt, the current Krum was stronger.

If he were to end up fighting her, some sort of strategy would surely be needed—that is what he thought. She was just that strong.

Since the wall made of stone was simply stones piled up, once a hole was opened up, the top came falling down. A loud sound was made, and the wall collapsed.

And then, since this building was a structure where the roof was supported not by pillars but by the walls, the ceiling came down. Normally, they should have been running outside.

However, due to Krum's intimidating air, Measmos was frozen up like a frog being glared at by a snake.

Even the guards, having been shown overwhelming strength right before their

eyes, they couldn't do anything.

The men that stood alongside the wall became unable to stand.

Rem and Shera gulped and watched attentively.

Even Diablo.

—No, wait? If I keep quiet here, won't it seem like I was "shocked by Krum"?

Something like that wasn't Demon King-like.

Diablo snorted.

"Hmph....."

Krum turned around, and even the gazes of the others turned towards him.

Thinking that he had something to say, everyone's attention gathered on him.

—This is bad. I haven't thought of anything to say though!

"Hmph.....Fuu—ha ha ha!"

For now, he bought time with a loud laughter.

Krum pouted her lips.

"What is so funny -noda, Diablo?"

"Something like massacring him, that is lenient. I just thought that you were unexpectedly "kind" despite proclaiming to be a Demon King, you see?"

"Hou? Well then, what do you think should be done -noda?"

Thinking about it while they were talking, he tried saying something that would surprise everyone around.

"Measmos, I will not allow you to leave this town!"

The one who raised a loud voice saying "What did you say!?" was Krum.

Shera asked him about it.

"Why would you say that, Diablo!?"

"Hmph.....To not even understand that, how deplorable."

—Since I just randomly said that, I don't get it either though!

However, Rem nodded with understanding eyes.

".....So that is how it is. As expected of you, Diablo. I am always surprised by your discernment."

"It would seem that you understand."

While praising her with a condescending attitude—He begged saying "Rem-sama, please do something about this!" within his heart.

She started talking.

".....Even if Measmos left Faltra City, he would surely do nothing but commit

crimes in other towns. That is why he would not allow him to leave town."

"But then wouldn't he just do bad things again in Faltra City?"

Rem shook her head at Shera's question.

".....At that time, he would not be let off with just this. That is what Diablo is warning him of."

"Ahh, now I get it!"

".....As for me, I would expect him to apologize to all of the people that he had troubled up until now, and do respectable business."

"That's right! It would be good if he did that!"

".....At any rate, at a time where we hear about infamous things about him again, it won't be settled with just his hair. That is what you mean, right, Diablo?"

As if seeking a score for her answer, Rem gazed at him.

He replied with a nod.

"It seems that you understand my intentions."

"Thank goodness."

Pan! Krum put her hands together.

"Oo—, that is amazing -noda! Certainly, it feels like that would be better -noda!"

And then, *ban ban*, she hit Measmos's shoulder.

"Did you properly hear that!?"

"Y, yes."

"You should say something along those lines -noda!"

"Ugh!? I, I understand! I will apologize and accumulate good deeds!"

Measmos got up from his chair and fell prostrate.

Krum magnanimously nodded.

"Umu, I shall believe those words only once -noda. Once you deceive Maou, you will be eaten by a hundred Demonic Beasts. Keep that in mind!"

It is so nice and Demon King-like to have Demonic Beasts obey—that is what Diablo thought.

Part 8

The next morning—

The dinning hall of the 《Relief》 Inn.

Diablo's group took a somewhat late breakfast.

At a four-person table, Rem was on the right side, and Shera was on the left side. On the opposite side sat Krum and Edelgart.

With her right in between Shera and Edelgart, it took the form of them looking after Krum.

It was the usual bread, sausage, and soup that they had, but the taste of the 《Relief Inn》 that they hadn't had in a long time felt strangely delicious.

It felt as if they had returned back home.

Beyond the entrance of the dining hall, the inn's front desk was there. From there, the poster girl Mei's small scream of "Hii!?" could be heard.

Diablo turned that way.

"Did an insect appear or something?"

".....Mei-chan doesn't seem like she would be surprised with something of that level though."

Rem tilted her head.

Incidentally, this Rem was courteous in her speech, but there were many times where she would purposely address people without an honorific. The Adventurer's Guild Guildmaster Sylvie, the head of the Magician's Guild Celestine, the High Chief Priest Lumachina. And she even did it with Diablo. She would not obey anyone—as if it were the embodiment of her pride of that. However, only with Mei did she lose to her persistent demand of calling her "Mei-chan".

Shera also turned her gaze to the dining hall entrance.

"Hii!?"

Her wooden spoon fell from her hand as she raised a scream. Wondering what was going on, Krum and Edelgart also chased after her gaze.

A stern man not appropriate for the dining hall had come in. He wore a military uniform, and a single blade sword hung on his waist.

Diablo instinctively half rose to his feet.

In order to hide his agitation, he cracked a joke.

"Kukuku.....Is that alright? When a public character uses a dining hall in a uniform, it seems that complaints will come from virtuous citizens, you know?"

"Are you having breakfast this late? Adventurers really do live slovenly lives."

The one that appeared was the Feudal Lord of the Fortress City Faltra, Chester Ray Galford.

He was accompanied by two Local Knights as his escort.

The other customers hurriedly stood from their seats.

Galford was known for being strict, and the only one who would confront him was none other than Diablo who tried to criticize him.

They didn't want to get dragged into any trouble—that is probably why they did that.

Diablo asked him a question.

"What do you need?"

"Today, it is not with you. There are certain suspicions, on that child over there."

It seemed that Krum caught his eye.

She brushed her hair away looking irritated.

"Who are you -nanoda?"

Before things grew worse, Rem cut in.

".....He is the Feudal Lord of Faltra City, Krum."

"Feudal Lord?"

".....The development of the town, a lot of it was done due to this man's work. Krum, even the bakery and restaurant that you love, they are there thanks to his management."

"Ooh, is that so -nano ka! That is quite great, isn't it. I shall praise you -noda!"

She had the appearance of an innocent little girl.

However, the eyes of Galford who was gazing at Krum weren't smiling at all. Thanks to Krum's physical appearance, he also seemed like a deviant but..... even Diablo had the prudence to not say that out loud.

Shera leaned forward so as to cover her.

"Erm.....What do you need, with Krum-chan?"

"I had obtained some very interesting information from a secret agent that

infiltrated a certain organization. That child Krum, she had used a technique that he had never seen before, and of all things, she claimed to be a "Demon King".

It seemed that a spy on the Feudal Lord's side was mixed in among the Measmos Family's henchmen. Was he a guard, or a ruffian?

—You're surprisingly zealous about your work, aren't you, damned Galford. Rem objected.

"Feudal Lord! Krum is still a child!"

"Be at ease, for I have not truly accepted it. I intend on having her examined by the Magicians. I shall have her accompany me to an army facility."

"Th, that is....."

Things became bad.

If someone who could see the flow of magic were to examine her, they would most likely notice something.

At the very least, they would probably be able to tell that he was not a person of the Races. Whether she was a Demon King or a Demonic Being aside.

And then, Krum was not good at keeping secrets.

"That is needless -nanoda! Maou is Maou! What is there to hide!?"

Rem pressed down on her own forehead and hung her head down.

Shera's eyes were spinning.

Edelgart looked like she would start a fight at any moment. It looked like she was trying to ask that they get Krum away while she was fighting.

Naturally, Galford anticipated that.

"I have prepared two layers of barriers surrounding this inn. If you take any strange behavior, you all will surely lose much. You should just follow what I say."

Diablo glared at him.

"So you intend on stirring up trouble with me, do you, Galford?"

"That is not my intention, but there are also things that I cannot overlook. For example, if a Demonic Being were to slip into my town....."

In this place that had such a dangerous atmosphere, the inn's poster girl Mei was able to step in. Behind her, there was also the figure of a man that seemed like a customer.

"Can I have a moment -nya?"

Galford didn't take his eyes off of Diablo.

"I believe I should have given the order that no customers be allowed in?"

"Nn~, he isn't a customer -nya. It seems that he wants to say his thanks to Krum-chan☆"

"Mu?"

Mei stepped to the side.

The one that came, was the owner of the restaurant 《Apetisan》.

Noticing that even the Feudal Lord was here, he bowed his head several times.

"Th, this is, I am terribly sorry for cutting in on what seems to be an important discussion. It's just, would you allow me, to say at least a few words?"

Galford nodded.

"Speak."

After the owner gave a bow to him, he lowered his head to Diablo's group.

"Everyone, I am truly grateful for all that you have done! After that, a person of the Measmos Family came and promised that they would "no longer demand any money". They even made an apology for all of the matters that had happened up until now!"

"Umu umu."

Krum folded her arms and displayed a satisfied looking expression.

The owner's eyes were moist.

"Thanks to all of you, it seems that I'll be able to keep the store running. And just when I thought that I had no choice but to either pay the money or close up the store.....T, truly.....Thank you very much!"

He had a tearful voice which showed just how distressed he was about this.

Shera cried in sympathy.

"Uuu.....That's great! That's really great!"

".....I do think that it is great but.....How did you figure out our whereabouts?"

Rem asked him that question.

While wiping his eyes, the owner expressed a smile.

"Since she is a very young girl that goes around to stores alone and gives criticism like a professional, Krum-san is famous among the restaurants of Faltra City. And although this may be rude of me, everyone else is quite characteristic as well."

Now that he mentioned it.....

A Demon with horns (the truth is that it's only an effect of the equipment, so it only looks like that though)

A black haired Pantherian (a majority possess hair and tails that go from orange to red)

A big chested Elf (generally they are flat chested)

Moreover Rem and Shera had 『Slavery Chokers』 attached to them. People walking about with these on were rare.

—Could it be that we stand out more than I thought we did?

It seemed that he could figure out that they were staying at this 『Relief』 inn after doing a bit of investigating.

Krum expressed a smile towards the owner that stated his thanks several times.

"That is good -noda! But the one that told Measmos to do good things was Diablo after all. Maou had intended on massacring him -noda! As I thought, Diablo is great!"

Galford, who was listening in away from the table, twitched his eyebrows.

He felt that she said something unnecessary.

The owner of 『Apetisan』 withdrew.

And as if to replace him, a person in charge of another store appeared.

It seemed that this one had paid a large amount of money to Measmos. "It seemed like I was going to go out of business, but you saved me!" is how they were thanked once again.

Even after that, one after another came by.....

Before long, a line was made outside of the inn.

When the tenth person came about, Galford opened his mouth.

"It is about time to go."

Rem made a protest, and Edelgart clenched her fists.

Galford stopped them by putting out one hand.

"There is, no longer any need for Krum-kun to accompany me."

Going "Hoeh", Shera, who had hugged Krum closely so as to protect her, raised a surprised voice.

What did he mean?

Rem asked him.

".....May we hear the reason?"

"There is no way there would be a Demonic Being that would be thanked by

this many citizens. I am busy. I have no time to investigate unlikely suspicions, that is what it means."

".....Y, yes! Krum is a very good girl!"

"If that is the case, then it is truly welcome."

Abruptly, Galford approached Krum. His right hand extended to his sword.

"You, what would you do if a Demon King drew near Faltra City?"

"No matter who they are, those that hinder Maou's meals, they will be given destruction -noda."

It was an immediate reply.

Going *hmph*, Galford's mouth loosened and he left.

Withdraw—That is the order he gave to his subordinates.

Not just the two Local Knights that accompanied him, there was most likely a great number of subordinates that surrounded the inn.

When Galford left the inn, the thing that was like a feeling of oppression vanished.

Part 9

The sun sank.

It was almost time for dinner.

Diablo was alone in their room.

Rem had gone to meet with the Magician's Guild's Celes to report that the Demon King's soul had been completely taken out of her.

Edelgart worked at the bakery today as well. She might be the most admirable among them.

And then, Shera and Krum were in the room next door.

The two of them were playing there.

Shera would teach her a song she made, and talk about their adventures.

Since he was alone for the first time in a while, Diablo had a water tub prepared in his room.

It was in place of a bath.

It healed the fatigue of the long trip—he wasn't able to relax enough to say that, but when would be the next time he would be able to take things slowly like this.

When washing his body, he wanted to properly wash it.

Right when he was about to take his clothes off, the door was opened.

"Mu?"

"Ooh, so you were here, Diablo."

"What do you need?"

The one that entered the room without even knocking was Krum.

She had hidden her 『Slave Choker』 and her tail that was a sign of being demonic with flashy clothes.

"Shera had fallen asleep -noda."

"When you all were singing?"

"When she was telling stories of your journey. She was well asleep -nanoda."

"She might have accumulated a lot of fatigue. Various things had happened in her homeland after all."

"Before she fell asleep, she said something that I was very curious about -noda."

"Fumu."

—Is it about the Great Demon King?

Once she knew of its existence, how would Krum act. He didn't think that she would join forces together with them and make a united front but.....what would she think of Diablo's group as they fight against the Great Demon King? Krum asked him a question.

"It seems that marriage is when men and women of the Races join together, right?"

"So it was about that!"

"Am I mistaken?"

"No.....Well, you aren't mistaken. I became the King of the Greenwood Kingdom, and Shera became the Queen."

There was probably no need to purposely talk about how he had failed at the bridal night.

Krum talked sounding curious.

"It seems that the Races do the thing called marriage."

"Do you all not do it?"

"Umu! The Demonic Beings do not do it either. Ah, but, since Edelgart said that "Demonic Beings bear children", they are the same as the Races aren't they - nanoda na!"

"What did you say!?"

That was a setting that wasn't stated in the MMORPG Cross Reverie. He couldn't even imagine the appearance of those grotesque monsters raising children.

However, Edelgart's appearance, it was attractive even from the point of view of the Races. Would she also eventually become pregnant with a Demonic Being child?

For a moment, he imagined it, and got a strange feeling.

"What about.....Demon Kings? Having children."

"I do not know. Maou has never gotten married, or given birth to a child -noda. Maou has never heard of the other Maous doing so either."

According to the legends, it seems that the current Demon Kings are fragments of the first Demon King who was smashed by God.

"So Demon Kings only revive....."

"It is because I have not tried before. If I did, it surprisingly might be possible. Should I do the thing called marriage?"

"Eh."

"Diablo, you know the method of making children, correct?"

"Fu, fuhahaha! Of, of course, I obviously know about it!"

He unconsciously averted his gaze.

"Yosh! Then teach it to Maou!"

—What, did she say?

Something like child making, he had erotic game level knowledge about it, but having no actual experience with it, there was no way he would have the confidence to teach her about it.

Besides, although Krum was a Demon King, her appearance was nothing but that of a little girl.

"It is impossible for children."

"What are you saying? Maou has lived for so many months and years that it is a pain to count them all. Well, Maou was sealed within Rem for a long time though."

"Ah—.....In other words.....The thing known as child making, it is something that adults do, and no matter how old you are, you have the appearance of a child so....."

Krum pouted her lips.

"I told you I am not a child. When I go to restaurants, I am treated as a splendid lady you know!? Ahh, should I ask the fellows that treat me like that?"

"Wait wait!"

"So it is no good. In that case, as I thought, you should teach me."

"Ah.....Uh.....I, I get it.....Then, eventually. For I am busy right now."

"Umu! It is a promise -nanoda!"

It was a whole faced smile.

A smile as if a kindergartener had gotten a promise that they would be bought a stuffed toy. To teach a child that would make this kind of expression about child making, he thought that it was an out even in another world.

Saying "come to think of it"—she changed the topic.

"It seems that there is a fellow professing to be the "Great Demon King", isn't there?"

So Shera also talked about that.

He felt that this was an important matter that should have come before the matter of marriage but.....he didn't really understand the order of precedence for a Demon King.

"It is the 《Demon King of Insanity Modinalaam》. It seems they are absorbing the other Demon Kings."

"Fumu fumu.....The method of becoming stronger with that, Maou has also thought about it though—"

It has been nothing but surprises.

"Krum, are you able to do the same!?"

"There is no way that there is anything that fellow can do that Maou cannot - noda! However, when absorbing others, the thing known as myself would fade."

"So it isn't just their abilities but even their personalities that get mixed in?"

"I have not tried it, but I only have the knowledge of it. Maou does not want to lose herself -noda."

"That is only natural."

"However, 《Insanity》desired it personally -noda na.....That is very like that fellow -noda."

"Do you know Modinalaam?"

"We were originally one after all."

I see, so it's something like siblings, is how he understood it.

If there isn't a great difference in their abilities.....

"Modinalaam seemed to know the whereabouts of the other Demon Kings. Most likely, they were able to detect their magical power. Krum, is it possible for you as well? I would like to know that fellow's location and movements."

"Nn—....."

She tilted her head in contemplation.

With a snap, she pointed at the window.

"It's that way, very far."

"That's plenty! If it gets closer, be sure to tell me. When I am not here, ah—..... Let's make arrangements so that you can contact me."

Surveillance from the Feudal Lord and the Adventurer's Guild should be attached to her anyways. Let's ask them to serve as a method of contact while

they're at it.

Krum nodded.

"If I notice something, I shall tell you -noda."

"It concerns whether or not this town will be protected. I leave it to you."

Fortress City Faltra is a key location that connects the Demon King territory and the Lifelia Kingdom territory. If this place were to fall, a great number of the people of the Races would become victims.

Suddenly, he spoke out doubts that he had for a long time.

"Demonic Beings are considerably strong even when alone. They take tactics that are different from the ones that the troops of the Races take. It should be possible to ignore Faltra City that has a barrier that wards the demonic, and attack the towns behind it. Why do they always attack from the front?"

Even in the game, and in this world's history, the Demon King army's invasion pattern was unchanging.

Krum stuck out her chest.

"Isn't that obvious? If there is a fight, there is meaning to showing off one's ability. Sneakily hiding and attacking the back, what would that conflict be for!"

"Fumu.....I see."

So going around doing schemes to do this and that wasn't Demon King-like. Attacking from the front, obtaining victory, and displaying strength, that would become a symbol of fear.

Krum went *don* and hit her own small chest.

"Do not fear, Diablo! During your absence, leave it to Maou -nanoda!"

"I shall place my trust in you."

There were times where he felt unease from their sense of values being too different, but he did not have any doubts of the fact that Krum's abilities were excellent.

If a large army of Demonic Beings were to attack, she would not lose. The Feudal Lord Galford was here as well after all.

Krum pointed her finger.

"Putting that aside.....What is this -nanoda?"

At the water tub that was placed on the floor.

Part 10

Excitedly, Krum took off her outfit.

"Yosh, wash me!"

Diablo thought about it.

—How did it turn out like this?

Diablo gave an explanation about the water tub.

"This is, something to wash the body with."

"Hou.....?"

It seemed that she did not understand.

"Since the Lifelia Kingdom is arid, it doesn't have the smell of sweat, but even so, I feel like I want to be hygienic, you see."

"Fumu fumu.....?"

"To begin with, do Demon Kings have the concepts of "hygiene" and "unsanitary"?"

"Occasionally, you use words that I do not understand the meaning of, don't you -noda na!"

—As I thought, with the cultural sphere of the Middle Ages, she doesn't understand.

Since germs and viruses weren't discovered (although it was unknown if they even existed in this other world), there wasn't the concept of sterilization.

Even so, fortunately enough, toilets existed in the Lifelia Kingdom. Bathtubs weren't popularized, but they did exist among the nobles and in high class inns. Underwear was also widely used.

Wonderful!

In the Middle Ages of his original world, both toilets and underwear weren't popularized. It was said that they would put a pot in the corner of the room, and dump it into the back alleys from the windows.....

So harsh.

He occasionally read about it in literary creations where the story was staged not in other worlds but in the real Middle Ages but.....

No matter how cute of a heroine they were, they would do it on the wayside. Moreover, since paper was a super high-class item, something like toilet paper did not exist. And if they were commoners, they would also have no underwear—Diablo ended up thinking about such things. It was something quite harsh.

Putting that aside, he tried to teach Krum about the concept of hygiene, but it was difficult.

Getting tired of it midway, he drastically simplified it.

"Ah—.....In other words.....Since it feels good, I wash myself."

"I see! So it feels good. That is important!"

It didn't get through to her, but he got her to consent to it.

However, after that, he received an unforeseen request from Krum.

"Maou also wants to try it out -noda!"

"Mu? That it, I do not mind but....."

"Well then, I shall have you wash me!"

The moment she said that, Krum took off her outfit.

Diablo panicked.

"Wh, what!?"

"What is it? When washing the body, you take off the clothes, right?"

"That is right but....."

Shun The ends of Krum's eyebrows dropped.

"Is Maou not allowed?"

"Ah, no, it is not a problem even for Demon Kings but....."

There was a huge different problem.

An unpleasant sweat went down along his back.

However, if he prohibited her from even trying it out even though she had finally gained an interest in it, Krum would be baffled, as well as be sad.

—Now that I think about it, since she is still a child, just washing her body wouldn't be a problem, right?

Krum was a Demon King, so she didn't particularly have a being that could be her parent.

The origin of the Demon King might exist, but just like the origin of God, it wasn't told even in the legends.

Right now, they themselves were parent substitutes.

Wasn't this the thing known as child rearing!?

Diablo settled his resolve.

"Umu! There shouldn't be any sort of problem! Probably."

"Yosh, then wash me!"

Krum excitedly took her outfit off.

She became stark naked.

Her chest was slender with no ups and downs, and her ribs were faintly showing.

Her skin had not a single blemish like that of a doll, and was so perfect that it seemed like a work of art.

Even down below, it was smooth and completely different from that of an adult, but tried to not look all that much.

—She really is a child.

Krum tilted her head.

"What is wrong -noda, Diablo?"

"Ah.....No.....It is fine. It is completely wholesome after all! If there were someone that would call this unwholesome, then their head is simply unwholesome. I am merely washing a child after all. Now then, sit within the tub."

"Fumu fumu"

Doing as she was told, she quietly settled down in it.

It would be small if Diablo were to use it, but when Krum got in it, it was like a bathtub.

He placed a water jug in the tub.

He wet a cloth with water.

"Since it will be a bit cold, be sure to endure it."

"Is it as much as Ice Magic?"

"It is not that cold."

Thinking about it closely, even if he shot 《Absolute Zero》—one of the strongest Water attribute magics, and causes any and all kinetic energy to be completely lost for eternity—on her, it probably wouldn't get through to Krum.

It would only seal her movements for an instant.

Diablo put the wet cloth on her leg.

Biku Krum's waist went up.

"Cold!"

".....What?"

"Hyahyah, it is cold -noda!"

"I, I see.....Are you surprisingly weak to cooling-type attacks?"

"I can endure it, but cold things are cold."

"I see."

"Your magic as well, it was at the level where I lost an arm, but it was quite painful after all?"

".....I find it questionable how you could compare the coldness of a wet cloth with the spell 《Absolute Zero》."

In this other world, he had not fought against a serious Demon King. His opponents had either lost their presence of mind, or was sealed.....

He was having feelings of unease for the fight against the Great Demon King Modinalaam that should happen in the near future.

For the time being, he concentrated on what was in front of him.

Diablo washed Krum's legs with the wet cloth.

Seeming to have grown accustomed to the coldness of it, she now twisted her body seeming like she found it ticklish.

"Hyahyah!"

"U—mu."

Her beautiful white skin that was like porcelain, when he touched it, it was soft and silky. Even though it was only wet, the cloth slid without getting caught on anything.

Having come to this other world, many unforeseen things had happened.

However, washing a Demon King was something he had not considered even in his wildest dreams—he was submerged in that strange deep feeling.

After her legs, he washed her arms.

Since she said that it would be fine to wet her hair as well, he washed away the sand and dust with water. He also washed the horns that grew out from her head.

—So these are the real thing huh.

Krum's horns had a way of growing where her scalp became hard and projected out. In Diablo's case, they were an effect of his 《Distorted Crown》, and he only looked like he had horns.

As if to ascertain the feel of the material, he caressed them with his hands.

Piku She made a slight movement.

"Hyaun."

"Mu.....Did it tickle?"

"Umu, it is because it is not touched by others all that much."

"So you have senses in your horns as well....."

Chon chon He poked it with his fingertip.

Krum drew her head back.

"Hafuu.....St, stop it -noda, Diablo.....That place, it looks like it is a bit delicate."

"Let us leave it at pouring water on it."

"Uuu~"

Diablo's horns were for decoration so there weren't any sensations in them.

This is a good reference—is what he thought.

And then, he washed Krum's back.

Her torso was slender, and she had thin flesh to the point that he could tell the ups and downs of her spine.

From her tailbone area, a tail with scales like that of a dragon was grown out. It was a characteristic tail that was bifurcated at the tip.

Since it was swaying left and right, Diablo grabbed it with his hand.

"Krum, I shall wash this place as well, got it?"

"Hau.....D, do it gently, okay?"

"O, ou."

She probably wasn't aware of it, but those were suggestive words.

Putting water on it, he wiped it with the cloth.

Fururu The muscles along Krum's spine trembled.

"Nn.....Kufuu....."

"What is wrong?"

"N, no.....It just felt a bit cold.....maybe, -nanoda. Do it quickly, okay?"

Diablo made a wry smile.

"Even though you can endure Absolute Zero, it was cold?"

"That is how it felt -noda."

Krum's cheeks were dyed red.

—This is child rearing. This is child rearing. This is child rearing.

While chanting that in his mind, Diablo moved the cloth.

When he wiped the base of the other side of her tail, Krum reacted with a start.

"Nnn"

"Was it cold?"

"Hafuu.....I am fine....."

"I see."

Since she was a Demon King, he didn't think she would catch a cold, but thinking that he should finish this quickly, he wiped with the wet cloth.

"Nn.....fuu....."

"I, I suppose that's it?"

"Do it.....further.....in -noda"

Krum raised up her hips.

Her tightly closed legs were opened.

Going *kapaa*.

"'y!?"

Isn't that place no longer the base of her tail, but the base of her legs? Diablo involuntarily hardened up. It wasn't in the strange meaning, but people come to a standstill when surprised.

While looking over her shoulder, Krum expressed an alluring smile that wasn't like that of a little girl.

"Fufu.....You, even though you can boldly stand off against Maou, you are a strange fellow that becomes nervous at times like this -nanoda"

"Ugh!? I, I am not nervous. You as well, even though you can endure my absolute magic, to start twitching just from some water, you are an odd fellow."

He faltered for a moment, but since it was an important spot, it needed to be hygienic.

From behind Krum, he stuffed his hand in between her legs.

He pressed the wet cloth on her lower body.

"Hmph.....Maou wouldn't do that with just some water.....Hyau!?"

"You did."

"Th, that was different -noda! That just now, it was because you suddenly pressed and hit me. Look, do it once more -noda."

"Like this?"

"Nn.....Uuu.....O, once more."

"Like this, right?"

"Au.....It, it was because you caressed, that sort of place.....Nnn....."

"N, now then, I suppose that is enough?"

"You can't."

Krum closed both of her legs, and held the hand that held the cloth in between.

"Wait.....!?"

"Hafuu.....A bit more.....It is no good if you, don't properly wipe it -noda.....

Nnn"

"I think that it is already plenty clean though....."

Krum's eyes had a dazed and bewitching feeling to them.

Diablo moved his hand as she requested.

She twisted her body.

"Nn.....fuu.....nn.....I see.....This is, quite.....haun.....I understand.....maybe, -nanoda."

"What did you understand?"

"Certainly, washing the body.....feels good."

"It, it does, doesn't it!? Washing away the sweat is something that feels good."

"Nn.....That it.....does.....hafuu.....nn.....nn.....ah.....It feels good, Diablo."

"Umu."

"Ah.....ah.....nn.....A, a bit more....."

"O, ou."

"Fuu.....Aaa.....Nnn.....Ah"

Bikun Krum arched her spine.

—It was probably because the water was cold, surely.

Fururu She trembled.

Chupapa..... A sound started to be made, and in the water that was gathered in the tub, a gold color mixed in.

Diablo reflexively half rose to his feet.

"Oh!?"

"Fuan.....Nnn.....Ah.....It, it looks like.....it came out."

"So it came out—"

"Nhaa～.....Diablo. Washing the body.....it feels good -noda naa"

"Y, yeah, so you understand."

"Un."

With an absent minded expression, Krum nodded.

After that, he thoroughly washed her again.

Interlude

Rem returned to the inn from the Magician's Guild.

It was already time for dinner.

There were many matters that needed to be reported, so she ended up being later than she thought.

"Nn?"

From the room that she herself rented—From the large room that Diablo and Shera also used, Krum came out.

"Rem, so you have come back -noda na."

".....Yes."

She replied with a nod at Krum's carefree smile.

The Demon King Krebskrum.

Rem's family had always been bound to this being. The reason why she also became an Adventurer was in order to defeat this.

Right now, she had become something similar to family.

However, it was fine when everyone was together, but when it was just the two of them like this, it felt like emotions of the past would resurrect, and she became uneasy.

There was one more reason why she couldn't calm down—

The 《Divine Crystal》 was within Rem's pouch. It was something where the Demon King Krebskrum's remnants were transferred to.

The Krum right before her eyes was in an incomplete state.

If by some chance, she were to absorb this, she might truly revive.

Remembering the figure of the awakened Krebskrum, Rem trembled. The fear that she tried to forget was refreshed.

The current Krum only a child that loved biscuits, that is what she persuaded herself with in her mind.

So as to hide her unease, she asked a question.

".....Were you playing with Shera?"

"Shera is sleeping in Maou's room -noda."

"Eh?In that case, were you talking with Diablo?"

"I had him wash my body -noda!"

Piku Rem froze up.

The unease and fear that swirled about in her mind became inconsequential.

A different emotion swelled up.

".....Is that so.....is that so. It looks like there is a need to hear in full detail what it was that you two did, doesn't it?"

"Oh, you are making a good face, aren't you."

Being told that, Rem put a hand to her own face.

She didn't really understand, but she thought that there was no way she was making a friendly face.

".....Is that sarcasm?"

"No? You hold down your emotions too much."

She was told something similar not too long ago.

The one that said that, was the former Holy Knight Geibalt. Right now, it seemed that he was with the Royal Palace Chivalric Order.

He was a villain that, despite being a Holy Knight, aimed for the High Chief Priest Lumachina's life for the sake of money, but his ability as a Summoner was certain.

".....Becoming emotional is a sign of immaturity. Irrational actions, invite danger."

"If you keep up appearances, your true abilities cannot be exhibited."

".....Even if you say that, this is my personality."

"Fumu fumu.....Well then, let us do this."

Krum thrust her fingers inside her mouth.

Making a *pakin* sound, she took something out.

It was a white fang.

Rem turned pale.

"Wha!? What are you doing, Krum!?"

"When you decide to not rely on Diablo, and desire your own true power, then try putting this to your forehead. It will probably have a bit of a violent effect though....."

"For my sake, you took out a tooth!?"

"Something like this is no big deal. It is because I have been in your care, Rem."

".....It is a fact that we have a bond though"

"You did buy me biscuits yesterday as well after all!"

".....Um.....Don't we have another relationship that is a bit more major? Like being the one you were sealed in, or like being the one that was your vessel."

Krum tilted her head.

"It is not like you were the one who sealed Maou, right?"

"That is, true but....."

The one that sealed the Demon King in Rem's family, was God. That was what she was saying.

From mother to daughter, that was always how she was handed down.

"Maou has heard that you suffered from having Maou sealed within you. But, that is also not Maou's fault."

".....Yes."

"Living together with all of you in this town, Maou finds it fun. That is why, so you do not die, Maou hands this over -noda."

Krum held that out.

Rem, although hesitant, accepted the 《Demon King's Fang》.

It was very small, white, and pretty.

Chapter 3: Trying Out Meeting with the Master Swordsman

Part 1

Morning of the third day—

Diablo woke up earlier than usual, and headed to the dining hall alone.

On the bed, Rem and Shera were still asleep.

They would probably wake up if given another thirty minutes though.

Thinking that he should have breakfast together with them, he asked Mei, who was at the counter, for only coffee.

He sat down in his usual chair.

Those that would go on journeys, they would finish up breakfast before sunrise, and would have already departed.

Maybe because it was a time in between that and normal hours, there weren't any other guests.

He was alone.

Without having internet, a book, or TV to look at, and without playing any games, he absentmindedly sipped his coffee—this kind of time, he didn't have it in his original world.

".....It sure is peaceful."

Things like the Great Demon King that was expanding their power in the west, the unsettling movements of the royal palace, or the mystery of how he was summoned.....They all felt like distant affairs.

Tatata The sound of footsteps coming down the stairway was made.

Someone burst into the dining hall.

"Diablo!?"

The one that raised their voice and appeared, was Rem who was still in her sleep-wear.

He was startled by her immodest appearance.

"Wh, what is wrong, Rem!?"

Discovering Diablo and going "Haa～～～", she breathed a sigh of relief. She put a hand on the wall and looked exhausted.

"Since you weren't in bed when I woke up even though it was still early, I thought that you had gone alone."

"Me, go alone?"

".....It was because you mentioned going on another journey after returning to Faltra City."

Suddenly, he remembered the conversation they had in the country of the Elves.

"First, it is Faltra."

".....After that, will we be headed to a different place? I believe that there was a request from Sylvie saying that she wanted us to participate in the city's defensive battle though?"

"This is necessary for the sake of that."

Diablo even planned to depart today.

The objective, to level himself up.

As a result of that, he wasn't sure if he should take Rem and Shera along. He might be able to concentrate better if he were alone.

—So I also had the hand of leaving them behind?

He thought that for a moment, but after thinking about it carefully, the negotiations for the inn and the carriage shop, they were mostly left to Rem. When they were sleeping outdoors, she would also make the fire and do the cooking.

And Shera, even in times where they were taking a short break, she could pick fruits and berries, and could hunt. She was also good at discovering watering places.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, those kinds of factors didn't exist, and Diablo didn't learn how to do them.

—Isn't it impossible for me to travel alone?

Folding his arms and looking self-important, he leaned his body on the back of his chair.

"Hmph.....It would be faster if I were alone, but since I felt like drinking coffee this morning, I took it slowly."

"I will be going together with you after all!"

Rem placed her hand on her own chest.

It was an expression full of determination. That was fine but.....

Her appearance right now, although he had become used to seeing it when they were sleeping, when in the bright dining hall, she was so lightly dressed

that it seemed like her precious spot would show through, and Diablo felt like he would blush.

He averted his gaze.

"I, I get it, so go and get changed. What do you plan on doing if other guests come?"

"Eh? Ah.....Hyaah!?"

Probably having panicked quite a bit since Diablo wasn't in the bed, it seemed that she had forgotten her own appearance.

Rem, who had become bright red down to the nape of her neck, hurriedly left the dining hall while covering her body with both hands.

"P, please wait for me! I'll get ready right away! Absolutely wait, okay!?"

She dashed up the stairway.

Even though the square surface of the cloth isn't different from her usual appearance, it must still be embarrassing to be in her sleep-wear in a bright place huh—is what Diablo thought.

Part 2

With everyone together, they had breakfast.
On the table, the usual bread, sausage, and soup were lined up.
In addition to Diablo, there was Rem and Shera. And then, there was Krum and Edelgart.

—Now then, it's fine to take Rem and Shera along but.....
How should he explain his objective?
He worried over that.
It seemed like something inconsequential, but it was an important matter for his Demon King roleplay.
The thing called a Demon King was the last boss, something perfect and final in terms of abilities. They were something that would complacently wait in the Demon King Castle as the Hero slowly raises up their level.
However, if he were to develop as a Warrior-type, then he would surely work hard and go through various difficulties. It wouldn't go similar to how things were up until now.
Above all, going to the Master Swordsman Graham to request for their teachings, that was definitely not Demon King-like.
While his thoughts weren't settled—
Rem asked him about it.
".....Diablo, isn't it about time that you told us? About where we will journey to and for what purpose?"
While stuffing her face eating, Shera talked.
"Hom hu fink ov hit, ve diffent heea avou hit"
".....Don't talk while you are eating."
"Gokun! I said—Come to think of it, we didn't hear about it."
It seemed that Shera wasn't too worried about it. Since she originally had a personality that didn't think too deeply about things, she probably thought that no matter where he went, it was only natural that they would go together.
So it was too unnatural if he hid it any longer.
Diablo started talking from the information that wouldn't damage his Demon

King image.

"Do you know of the one that lives in the mountains in the northern part of the Demon King territory, the one called Master Swordsman Graham?"

"Master Swordsman?"

Shera tilted her head.

It seemed that Rem, who was a respectable Adventurer, knew of them.

".....I have heard of them. That they point out how to go even further past the limit for those that go down the path of the sword."

"Umu. He is that sort of existence."

"So it wasn't just some fairy tale."

"It seems that Emil has received his instruction."

There was no guarantee that it was just like the game, but the fact that he went to meet with the Master Swordsman probably meant that he was greater than level 80.

If he was formerly around level 50, in this short amount of time, he had grown quite a bit.

It was a speed that nearly reached the game's speed.

However, the fact that the Master Swordsman gave him the "go around to various countries quest", it means that he hasn't reached the qualifications to take the limit breakthrough trial.

It seems that he hasn't reached level 99.

Diablo also intended on developing as a Warrior-type. If he was going to fight against the Great Demon King, he wanted to be no less than level 100 which surpassed the limit of the Races.

Krum, who was having her meal at the next table over, opened her eyes wide.

"Hou! Diablo, so you intend on taking up the sword as well -nanoda na!"

"Ah, well....."

Having suddenly struck on the heart of the matter, he was flustered.

Wasn't leveling up not Demon King-like?

However, even if he denied it with only words, there wasn't any meaning to it.

In the end, in order to fight against the Great Demon King Modinalaam, there was a need for growth.

He was at a loss on how to answer.

Rem nodded with an understanding face.

".....So that's how it was. As expected of you, Diablo. Even though you are strong even now, to think that you wouldn't forget the desire to improve yourself even further!"

"What?"

"Diablo, are you going to become even stronger!? Ama—zing!!"

Shera's eyes sparkled.

Krum talked sounding impressed.

"All Maous possess powerful abilities the moment they were born. They are things that do not even have the concept of becoming stronger -nanoda."

"Ugh.....Th, that is true. Since I am also a Demon King....."

—So as I thought, leveling up isn't Demon King-like. How should I explain this!? At this rate, my image will crumble!? is what he thought as a cold sweat went down his spine.

Krum stood on top of her chair as if it were a speech pedestal.

"But, just like 《Insanity》, there are also fellows that absorb other Maous."

"U, umu."

"So Diablo is, a Maou that becomes stronger -nanoda na!"

That's it!

Feeling like he was about to involuntarily raise a voice of delight, he somehow resisted it.

Expressing a cool smile, he magnanimously nodded.

"Hmph.....As I am the true Demon King, I am the strongest even in ambition. Isn't that only natural?"

He wiped off a cold sweat in his mind.

He felt uneasy thinking that his Demon King roleplay would crumble from him leveling up as a Warrior-type, but he was saved.

So it was all thanks to the image that he had built up until now.

Also, the sincerity of Krum, Rem, and Sera were also precious.

From the next table over, Edelgart murmured a retort with scornful eyes.

"Master Swordsman～ is, person of Races? Demon King-sama～.....cannot rely, on Races."

She sharply pointed that out.

However, in regards to that, he had thought of an excuse.

Diablo curved the ends of his lips.

"Hmph.....And that is why you lost."

"Numu!?"

"It does not matter if they are of the Races or a Demonic Being, if someone is usable, then use them. If they are hostile, then defeat them. That is simply all.....To obsess over blood, how narrow-minded."

Edelgart puffed her cheeks.

"Mu—"

"Demonic Beings become stronger if they receive magical power from a Demon King. However, the people of the Races become stronger through training. If you also wish to be useful to Krum, then do not only earn small change at the bakery, but also do not shirk in diligently studying."

"Already～ know!"

Going *Pui*, she turned to the side.

Edelgart had a position where she could be entrusted with an army of Demonic Beings, but she had a side that was much more childish than Krum.

Diablo had a thought.

—I don't know if I can rely on the Master Swordsman and level up either though.

There were various points that the MMORPG Cross Reverie and this other world differ on. Really, what kind of being was the Master Swordsman?

Right after breakfast, Diablo's group received the carriage, and headed to the Demon King territory.

Part 3

When Diablo escorted the damaged Rose back to his base, the 『Demon King's Labyrinth』, he brought back some different equipment.

After starting their journey, he put them on.

With gold hemming on black, it was armor that was flashier than before.

He also had a mantle and gauntlets with similar designs.

These would increase the amount of experience obtained—They were equipment that had that sort of effect. It was unknown if they would have an effect even in this other world but.....there was merit in trying it out.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, since he reached the upper limit of the Magician's level, he hadn't used it all this time, but when he was first starting, he frequently equipped it.

Even though this was his first time equipping it in this other world, he somehow found it strangely nostalgic.

Since its abilities as armor were low, there was a bit of danger to using it, but he decided to prioritize developing his Warrior-type level right now.

However, he kept only his 『Distorted Crown』 equipped. Feeling that he would seem pathetic if it was exposed that his horns were just decoration, he didn't take it off.

Even his weapon, he chose one for earning experience points. The long sword that hung on his waist, it was the 『Seraphic Sword』 that Warriors greater than level 70 could equip.

When compared to weapons of the same level, its offensive ability was lacking, but it had an effect of increasing the amount of obtained experience points.

—Can I use it?

If it was only equipping it, it was possible even in the game.

However, even if a Magician used a sword and metal armor, they couldn't make use of the abilities.

In this other world, it seemed possible to develop multiple Classes.

In that case, even for himself who was currently a Magician, he should be able to use a Warrior-type weapon.

The 《Seraphic Sword》 was for use for those level 70 and up.

Before, Diablo received an evaluation of being around level 40 as a Warrior from Emil. In fact, aren't I a bit higher than that—that is what he thought, but even if he was generous in evaluating himself, it didn't feel like he would be level 70.

To use the 《Seraphic Sword》, he would need to level up.

With that being the case, against the monsters that he would normally blast away with magic, he purposely challenged them in close combat.



Diablo struck his sword on it.

"Haa!"

The shining blade pierced the neck of the gigantic snake, the 『Madara Snake』, that appeared from the lake.

Blood scattered about.

—Kuh.....So I can't cut it down!

The 『Madara Snakes』 in the game were around level 60. In this other world, they had the impression of being a bit weaker.

This time, receiving cover from Rem's Summoned Beast and Shera's bow, they safely defeated it.

—But if it were a one-on-one, it seems like it would be a pretty close fight. As I am now, would I be around a level 50 Warrior-type?

He keenly felt it when the battle was over.

Even if this place was another world, it was still reality.

There is no result screen when there is a victory. A cheerful BGM didn't ring, and fanfare when obtaining a level up or a rare time doesn't exist.

It was dull.

Above all, there was no actual feeling of obtaining experience.

Numbers weren't displayed.

He understood the reason why people adored games over work and studies. Reality, was just too bland.

By defeating this monster, would he get experience points? How much more experience would he need to accumulate before he can level up? Was the equipment working?

He didn't know at all.

"A shitty game."

".....What's wrong, Diablo?"

"It is nothing."

He felt respect for Rem who had developed as far as level 50 as a Summoner which she wasn't suited for despite having this depressing system.

Right now, he had no choice but to believe that he was earning experience points just like in the game.

Part 4

One week since they entered the Demon King territory and headed north. They arrived at the foot of the mountains called 《Heavenly Mountain (Tenzan)》.

It had this kind of name, but it had no relation to the aircraft with cute legs. The town at the foot of it, as if it were in the territory of the Races, had a peaceful atmosphere.

The figures of Adventurers and soldiers stood out more than they did in Faltra City, but the sadness and gloom that recluses seemed like they would gather couldn't be felt.

In the town that was surrounded by a wall, stallholders were lined up on both sides of the main road.

An oyaji selling spit-roasted meat called out to them.

"Welcome! Welcome! It's Giant Toad meat! It's nice and tender!"

".....It looks delicious, doesn't it, Diablo."

"That is a frog monster, you know?"

"Diablo, they're also selling fruits I've never seen before!"

"Are you sure they aren't poisonous?"

Rem and Shera were festive in the town they've never been to before.

Although they had various reasons for it, these girls that chose the Adventurers' way of life, they basically liked journeys.

The root of Diablo was a hikikomori. Being wary would take precedence for him. —It was a village that was nothing but a recovery point with no peculiarities in the game though?

"It is quite lively, isn't it."

".....Intelligence gathering, Diablo. Let's buy some skewers, and hear some talk from the stallholder."

"If we're buying, then fruits would be good too!"

"Do as you like."

Since Diablo was bad at conversing with other people, he had Rem and Shera gather information.

After a while—

Hagu hagu Rem was munching on a skewer of what looked like chicken meat.
".....This town, 《Sodmas》^[1], since it is said that the Master Swordsman is here, it seems that people with confidence in their own abilities gather here. There are also many people that have opened dojos."

"So it is a town of Warriors."

".....In the end, even famous blacksmiths and doctors came, and now, despite being in the Demon King territory, the fighting power has been well-regulated to the point that monsters won't even get close to it."

"So that is why it is this prosperous."

".....It is because for Adventurers and merchants, a place where they can sleep with a peace of mind is important. It seems that there is also a large carriage shop."

"Fumu, if the Master Swordsman's location is nearby, I suppose we can deposit our carriage there."

Shera, whose cheeks were stuffed with fruit, raised her hand.

"Nn! Nn!"

"Talk after you finish eating."

"Ngu ngu! Puhah! Graham-san's house, they said it's on top of the mountain!"
Shera pointed at the Heavenly Mountain.

Diablo knitted his brows.

"So we'll have to climb....."

With the angle steadily becoming steep after the gentle slope, the mountain summit reaches the clouds.

Diablo hated walking.

It would be possible to climb it with this level 150 body though.

"Ah, also, they were selling this."

Shera held something out.

It was light brown, small, and round.

"What is it?"

"They said it was a 《Master Swordsman Manjuu》."

".....I also saw something called a 《Master Swordsman Wooden Sword》."

"Wa—, that sounds fun!"

—Are these hot spring town souvenirs!?

He felt that the development of the MMORPG Cross Reverie, upon having full knowledge of this other world, had taken various considerations during the step of making it into a game.

If someone played for a long time and became level 80, they would no longer be a beginner.

In real time, that would be about two months.

If that Player were to find 『Master Swordsman Manjuu』 in a town they just arrived at, it would seriously dampen their excitement.

He wanted a more austere atmosphere.

In any case, if they were going to be mountain climbing from here on, they couldn't use the carriage.

They decided to deposit it.

The carriage shop—

Close to the town's outer wall, there was a large warehouse. There was also a grassland surrounded by a tall fence. Several horses were passing time as they liked.

The owner of the carriage shop was a hard-faced Dwarf who might have been a former Adventurer. They were a race that had dog like ears and tails.

Seeing their carriage, the Dwarf narrowed his eyes.

"That's a nice carriage. Did you buy it at the royal capital?"

".....Yes. You could tell?"

The talking was left up to Rem. Negotiating with a merchant as the other party, it was too difficult for Diablo who was bad at conversing with people, and for Shera whose thoughts were gentle.

The Dwarven shopkeeper nodded.

"It's the work of an acquaintance of mine. He seems to be in good health."

His mouth was covered by his beard so they couldn't tell what his expression was, but his voice sounded like he was feeling nostalgic for the past.

".....We have come to meet with the Master Swordsman. We would like to deposit our carriage here for a while but can we ask this of you?"

"With the Master Swordsman? So you're gonna climb the Heavenly Mountain."

"If we need to."

The Dwarven shopkeeper looked at Rem, and then gazed at Diablo and Shera.

"It seems you have some confidence in your abilities, don't cha? You did

journey through the Demon King territory with a carriage and came to this town after all."

".....Somewhat."

"In that case, right now, it would be best if you don't."

They were told something strange.

Rem asked him about it.

"What do you mean by that?"

"There's a thing called the 《Evil Monkey (Jyaen)》. I don't know if it's a Demonic Being or a wild animal, but it is an outrageous monster that has been appearing frequently since about half a year ago."

".....Is that an unidentified monster?"

"According to the guys that fought it—it is a giant monkey densely covered in thick hair, and even though the words of the Races can't get through to it, it seems to skilled in using the sword. And then, it seems that it targets Adventurers that have skill."

"Eh? It purposely chooses strong looking Adventurers?"

"The story is that when each of them defeated a strong monster, they would suddenly get attacked by it."

".....Could it be that it chose to attack when they were exhausted?"

"I wouldn't understand the thoughts of a monster. I just warned you."

"Yes, thank you very much."

The Dwarf prompted them to put the carriage in the warehouse.

"I'll take care of your carriage. I'll go and make the contract for custody. That sort of thing needs to be done properly."

Despite his hardy and rough outward appearance, he was the type to thoroughly do his job.

Doing just as she was told, Rem moved the carriage.

"I will put it in the warehouse."

"Do it slowly. Oya, your horses are a bit thin. Aren't you working them too hard?"

".....Since it was a long journey, they might be tired."

"Want to try giving them a potion?"

".....What will the price be?"

Rem worked out the conditions with the shopkeeper. She is quite something.

Even if she retires as an Adventurer, she seems like she'd do well as a merchant. Diablo looked at the surroundings.

It was a carriage shop that could be found anywhere.

Being surrounded by the sturdy ramparts, it had a leisurely atmosphere that could make one forget that this was in the Demon King territory.

"Nn?"

Suddenly, his eyes stopped on a wagon that was in front of the warehouse. On the things that were loaded on it.

Diablo rushed over to it.

"This is!?"

With an outward appearance of a golden apple, its leaves had the shape of stars.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, there existed an item that closely resembled it.

—Could it be, isn't this 《Gold Fruit》!?

When this was consumed, it would turn into experience points.

It was an item where one could gain experience points equivalent to several hours of leveling in the game.

Naturally, they wouldn't normally be found in a huge mound like this.

It was an SSR item that would only be obtained at special times like accomplishing an event, subjugating a boss monster, or conquering a dungeon. If put on sale at the market, it would be priced at a super-high amount, and all Players desired it.

If this Gold Fruit turned into experience points just like it did in the game, then it was something amazing. Several hours worth of experience point within the game, how many days worth would that equate to in this other world?

For there to be a whole wagon load of that here.....

Could be a normal fruit that only has a similar appearance?

The Dwarven shopkeeper talked.

"Those are fruits that are collected on the Heavenly Mountain over there. The color isn't bad, but at any rate, it tastes awful. It is called Gold Fruit though."

—So it's Gold Fruit as I thought!?

Shera took one of the fruits in hand.

"Hee—, even though it looks delicious?"

She bit it.

The moment she did, her expression dimmed, and she hurriedly spit it out.

"Ueeeh! Beh! Beh!"

The shopkeeper held his stomach and laughed.

"Wahaha! It's an article that not even hungry wild animals would eat, you know? It's bitter even if it's boiled or grilled, and just no good."

"Wh, why.....was something like this gathered?"

"Gold Fruit is a variety of medicinal fruit, you see. When it is crushed and turned into fertilizer, the growth of vegetables is good. When scattered on grasslands, it becomes hard for insects to appear."

—The taste huh.

In the game, since something like taste was unknown, there weren't any Players that would hesitate in using it.

The Dwarf caressed an old scar.

"There were rumors that Warriors from long ago liked Gold Fruit but.....Well, it isn't something that people of the Races would eat."

"My tongue, is tingling~"

With Shera still making a displeased looking face, the shopkeeper poured water into a cup.

"There are even stories of mice that ate that and died. It might be poisonous. That is why you shouldn't put unfamiliar things in your mouth."

"T, tell me that earlier—!?"

Diablo glared at the Gold Fruit with a serious expression.

—Poison?

Since Gold Fruit was a valuable article in the MMORPG Cross Reverie, there weren't any Players that ingested a large quantity of them.

If it was life-threatening, it would be a problem.

There was no guarantee that it would turn into experience points even in this other world.

Rem, who had signed the agreement to deposit the carriage, pointed towards the main street.

".....Let's forget that questionable fruit, and have a proper meal. Also, I believe it would be best to prepare some mountain climbing tools."

"Yeah, yeah, I want to eat some delicious fruits!"

Shera raised both of her hands.

Diablo didn't object to that.

Translator's Notes:

[1]

Original: ソドマス. Probably a shortening of Sword Master

Part 5

The next day—

It was sunny, and was perfect hiking weather.

It seemed that the mountain trail went as far as the 《Master Swordsman's Hermitage》. Stone posts with directional markers engraved were put up at regular intervals.

As expected of a place that was turned into a tourist attraction.

If not for the fact that this was a mountain in the Demon King territory, this climb would have had a bit of a picnic feeling to it but.....

After walking for a bit, Demonic Beasts promptly appeared.

Since they were only a large black wolf, 《Black Fang》, and a gigantic ashen bear, 《Giant Grizzly》, there wasn't any particular problem.

They were enemies that were about level 80.

Even so, when it came to the monsters of this region, he couldn't easily win against them with the abilities of a half-baked Warrior-type.

In the end, he kicked them about with magic.

Six hours after leaving the town at the foot of the mountain, Sodmas, and climbing the mountain—

The summit was still far, but halfway up, it turned into a steep slope. Rather, it might be best to call it a cliff.

Rem frowned.

".....What part of this, is a path?"

A stone post was driven into a cliff.

The arrow pointed up.

"So it is telling us to climb."

".....Looks like it can't be helped."

"Do you think it would work if I treat it like I'm climbing a tree?"

Shera placed a hand on the rock surface of the cliff. With it being treated as a path, it didn't seem like it would break that easily.

For the Elves that lived up in trees, a cliff of this level wasn't any trouble.

Rem also climbed quite easily. It was said that the ancestors of the Pantherians

lived in the plains, but being cat-like, they also specialized in tree climbing. The two of them swiftly climbed the cliff.

Diablo put his fingers on the protrusions of the rock surface.

—Although I could use Floating Magic, I guess I'll stop with the cheating.

Although he was in the middle of growing as a Warrior, since he had the body of a level 150 Magician, climbing a cliff should be no trouble.....

He casually looked up.

He ended up looking at Rem and Shera's butts from directly below them.

"Buffoh!?"

"Nn? What's wrong, Diablo?"

".....Did something happen?"

"It, it is nothing."

Diablo returned his gaze to his hands, and focused on climbing the cliff.

It didn't take that long of a time.

They scaled it.

Turning wide and flat, it was a shelf halfway up the mountain. On the mountain trail stone post, there wasn't an arrow but letters engraved on it.

".....It says "arrived""

Rem read it aloud.

Turning around—the town at the foot of the mountain looked miniature.

Shera sprawled out on top of the grassland and lied down.

"Fuah~, so we've finally climbed it."

Matching with her breathing, her large breasts moved up and down.

Having climbed up the mountain, it was much cooler than ground level. Despite that, Shera had sweat coming out on her forehead.

Rem shrugged her shoulders.

".....It wasn't that difficult of a cliff."

"Eh—? It was really hard, you know."

".....You just have too much needless flesh attached."

"Ah, that might be it. Rem, since you don't have a chest, it looks like you could climb easily."

"I'll push you off, you know!?"

"Stop it, stop it."

While listening to the two of them mess around behind him, Diablo sent his

gaze around.

On the plain that seemed like people had leveled it, there was a building at the center of it. There were no tiles on the roof, but having been made with wooden pillars and earthen walls, it vaguely had a Japanese style ambiance to it.

And then, in the surroundings of the estate, weapons were planted in the ground. Swords, spears, axes, sickles, hammers.....

At a glance, they didn't seem like valuable arms, but they were not poor quality articles either. They were carelessly thrust into the ground.

Rem lined up next to him.

".....If these are for decoration, then I would have to question their aesthetic sense, but it also looks like an old battlefield."

Diablo nodded.

"So that building is the hermitage that the Master Swordsman lives in."

".....Most likely."

"Let's go."

He started walking.

Shera, who was lying down, hurriedly stood up.

"Hawa—, wait up—."

Part 6

He quietly opened the entranceway's sliding door.

Rem's eyes went round.

".....Diablo, have come here before?"

"No? Why?"

"It is because you opened this door without any hesitation."

"Come to think of it, I didn't see any sliding doors in the Lifelia Kingdom. In certain regions, there are many doors with this sort of style."

".....So that's how it was."

She looked at the door with curious eyes.

It seemed that Shera held more interest in the interior of the building.

"A wooden house!"

The floor was treaded down and hardened dirt, and wooden pillars were erected on top of level stones. It was architecture techniques similar to buildings of old Japan, which weren't seen in the Lifelia Kingdom.

The inside of the building, rather than an entranceway, it was more of a storeroom, and had quite a bit of width to it.

Going in, on the right side there was a wall, and on the left side there were six wooden doors.

One of the wooden doors was slightly opened.

—A dog?

Triangular and erect dog ears could be seen from the gap of the door.

Piku The dog ears moved.

From the other side of the wooden door, a fragile voice was raised.

"U, um.....Are you guests? Or.....a, are you scary people?"

It was the voice of a girl.

The Master Swordsman Graham should be an old master. The setting was that he was a recluse that lived alone, but in this other world, does he have servants?

At any rate, since they were asked, it would be best to introduce himself.

"I am a Demo—"

"Of course we are guests! We are not scary people!"

When Diablo tried to do his usual self-introduction, Rem cut in.

And then, she whispered into his ear.

".....If you say that you are a Demon King, you might not be teached, you know?"

"Is that so?"

Master Swordsman Graham is a Human, but he would teach without discriminating races.

However, representation of Demon Kings and Demonic Beings receiving his teachings didn't exist in the game.

—I guess I'll leave the negotiations to her.

From the other side of the wooden door, the voice came once again.

"R, really?"

".....Yes, we have no malicious intent."

"Haa, thank goodness."

Finally, the wooden door opened.

What they saw from the gap wasn't a dog, but a young Dwarven girl. She had pointed dog ears and a bushy tail.

Her age was probably around seventeen years old.

Dwarven women had characteristics of having big breasts despite being short like children, and having dog-like ears and tails.

She wore a Japanese style outfit that wasn't seen in the Lifelia Kingdom.

Fidgetting, she peeked at Diablo's group, then dropped her gaze to the ground.

"U, um.....Welcome."

".....I am an Adventurer called Rem Galeu."

"Ah.....I am called Sasala."

She bowed very deeply.

In the Lifelia Kingdom, there was no culture of bowing. It was either a handshake or a slight bow.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, a country with a Japanese style cultural sphere was also introduced. The setting was that it was an eastern foreign country that was on the other side of the ocean. Did an eastern foreign country exist in this other world as well?

Rem asked her a question.

".....Is the Master Swordsman here?"

"Erm, it will take a bit of time but....."

"We will wait."

Rem made an immediate reply.

They had climbed up this mountain, so they would wait even if it took a day.

The young Dwarven girl—Sasala nodded.

"Th, thank you very much.....Well then, so it's a company of three. Um.....Could you please wait inside?"

She invited them inside of the wooden door.

Part 7

It was a wooden floor.

At the center of the room, there was a sunken hearth. Around that, there was a carpet of hemp cloth.

There were no chairs or tables.

It was a structure where pillars supported the wooden framework roof. There were white mud walls, but there were parts where the color was different.

Were they frequently repaired?

Sasala withdrew further into the estate.

Only Diablo's group of three remained.

".....I can't really calm down."

Since there was no custom of sitting on the ground in the Lifelia Kingdom, Rem twisted her body on the hemp cloth.

Shera arranged her legs and sat in a W-position.

"Since the Greenwood Kingdom sits on grass, I guess I'm okay with this sort of thing."

"Umu."

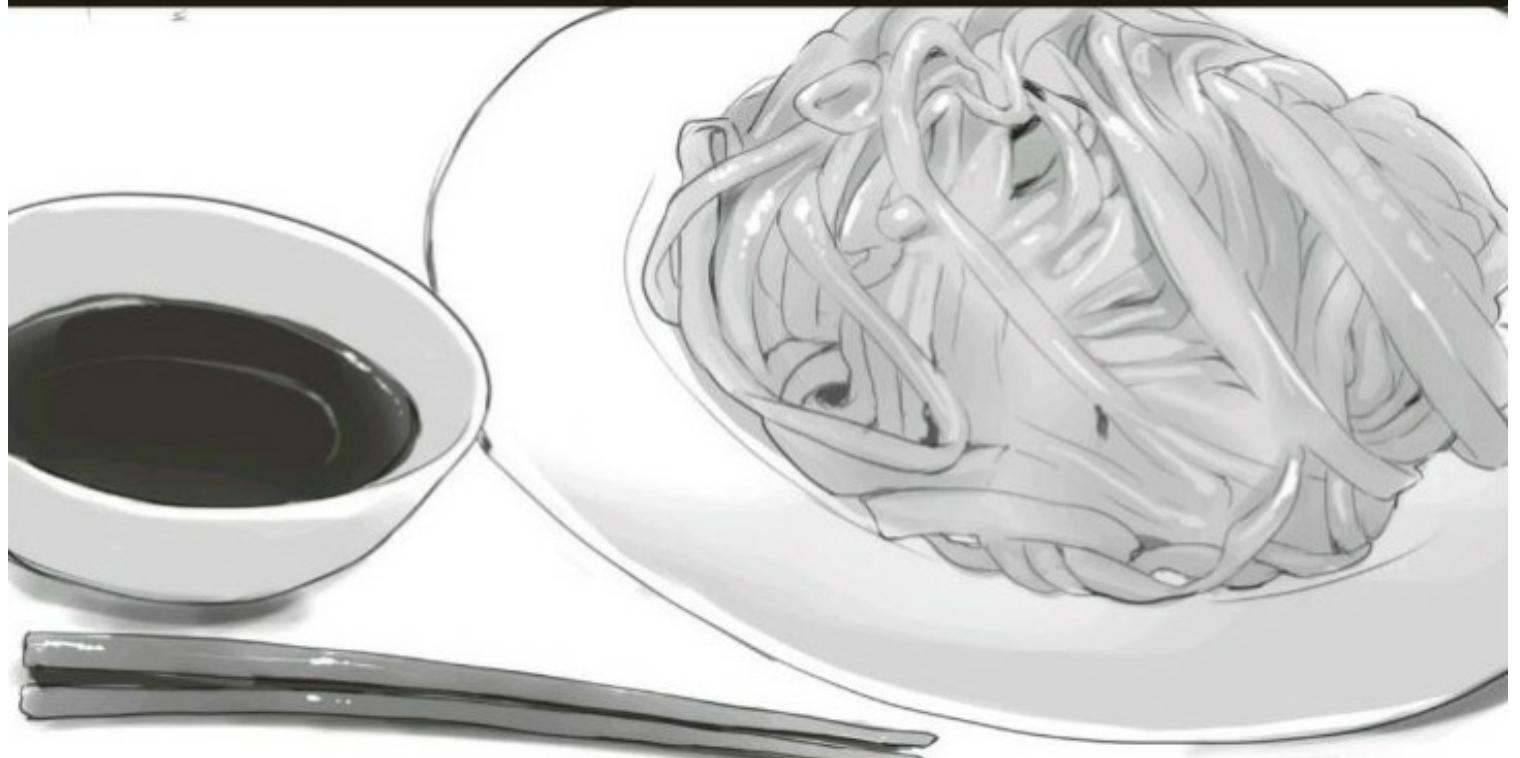
Diablo sat down cross-legged.

After a while, Sasala finally returned.

She carried a large tray.

"S, sorry to keep you waiting."

When they thought that she had brought something, there was a heap of pasta placed on round plate. Also, there was light brown soup.



She placed it out in front of Diablo's group.

"Um.....By all means."

In addition to the cooking, what was placed before their eyes were, chopsticks.

This was his first time seeing them since coming to this other world.

Rem picked up the chopsticks.

".....What is this?"

"I, I'm sorry. It's just, soba is something you eat with chopsticks."

Diablo stared at the pasta that was served on the round plate. Certainly, it is grayish, and there wasn't any sauce put on it.

And then, next to it, the light brown liquid—He thought that it was soup, but was it soba dipping sauce?

"You're telling me this, is soba!?"

"Y, yes. It is Master Swordsman Soba."

"Master Swordsman Soba!?"

Sasala repeatedly nodded.

Rem made a doubtful expression.

"....."

Shera looked like she didn't mind at all and held the chopsticks with both hands.

No matter how she tried to scoop up the soba, she had a hard struggle.

"Yah, tou! Soba is really hard to eat, isn't it—"

"You do it like this."

Diablo used the chopsticks normally, and picked up the soba.

"Fuwaa~"

Among the ones that raised cheers, Sasala was also one of them.

"That is amazing.....So that is how they are supposed to be used.....You are very knowledgeable."

"Wait. You are the one that brought them out, you know?"

"Ah, um.....It was something that the book of secrets that Founder-sama left behind said to have prepared.....But there are many things that I don't really understand."

"Founder-sama?"

"Erm.....That is the first Master Swordsman."

"So that's how it is."

Just by looking a bit at the way Diablo held the chopsticks, Rem became able to use the chopsticks. As expected of her.

It seemed that it was impossible for Shera no matter how she tried, and since she gave up and was about to just grab it with her hands and eat it, Sasala brought out a fork for her.

The flavor of the Master Swordsman soba was—

"It's appearance is a bit strange, but the taste has a feeling that says "this isn't it"."

"Hawawa.....Is, is it no good?"

He didn't know how she procured it, or if there was buckwheat flour in this other world, but it seemed that she was able to obtain that was something similar to it.

Even the making of the noodles, it seemed that she wasn't completely off the mark. It at least had the smell of soba.

"How the noodles are easy to cut, it may be due to the fire when boiling it being weak. And how it's too soft is due to there being too much water when kneading it."

He remembered that was how it was described in a manga.

Online games had many repetitions of simple work. Due to that, there were times where he would look at manga or watch anime when things were going well.

Making a complete change from her timid-looking expression, Sasala became seriousness itself.

"Fumu fumu.....Fire and water....."

"First of all, it shouldn't be served on this plate, but on a draining basket. It will probably become considerably better with that."

"A draining basket?"

"If it's a container where water can fall through, then anything would be fine though."

"I will.....try making that."

Sasala nodded looking delighted.

Shera quickly ate everything. Putting aside its degree of perfection as soba, for a body that had been mountain climbing this whole time, it seemed to have felt passably delicious.

Rem also continued.

".....Thank you for the meal. Diablo, you've forgotten the important matter."

"Ohh, that's right."

"Yes."

"The soba dipping sauce. It is too watery. At the very least, the condiments"

".....That is not what I mean. Wasn't our objective, not the Master Swordsman Soba, but to ask the Master Swordsman for their teachings?"

"That's right."

He had completely forgotten about it.

Sasala's eyes went round.

"Ah, you aren't guests.....but practitioners.....!?"

".....Yes."

"But, earlier.....you said that you weren't scary people."

"So you meant it that way. I am terribly sorry.....We came to meet with Master Swordsman Graham and wish to receive his instruction as Warriors."

Sasala made a disappointed-looking face.

"Araa.....And here I thought that someone finally came to eat some soba after such a long time."

".....The Master Swordsman, where might he be?"

In response to Rem's question, after a bit of a pause, Sasala answered.

"E, erm.....Right here."

".....In this estate?"

"Yes. They are right here."

".....Could you allow us to meet them?"

"U, um.....You've already met."

"?"

Rem tilted her head.

Sasala stuck out the index finger of her right hand, and poked her own nose.

"Right here."

".....?"

"I, I am, the, the Thirteenth Generation Master Swordsman Graham Sasala.....
desu"

Part 8

"Ha?"

Rem tilted her head even more. Enough that her head had become completely horizontal.

Sasala hung her head down.

"I, I am sorry.....As I thought, I really don't look like it.....I do understand, though."

"No way!? Are you the Master Swordsman!?"

Being pressed by Rem so vigorously, Sasala looked like she would run away at any moment.

"Auu.....I'm sorry that someone like me is the Master Swordsman!"

".....W, with all due respect, aren't you not armed with a sword as well?"

"It was because I was making the soba."

".....Really?"

"Y, yes. Since a Master Swordsman made it, it's Master Swordsman soba.....Just kidding....."

Sasala blushed and became teary eyed, then hung her head down. If it was embarrassing to the point of crying, then she just should not have said it.

Diablo was surprised.

Dwarves didn't have long lives like the Elves, nor were they a race whose outward appearance was everlasting like the Grasswalkers. She was probably around seventeen just like how she looked.

Even if she dressed herself up a bit to look young, she wouldn't give the impression of being an "old master".

She wasn't a man either.

Being a Magician, Diablo hadn't met him within the game, but he had seen his graphic on the net.

He held a Japanese sword that had a crest of a crescent moon engraved on the pommel.

He should have been a man, a white haired elder, and a Human.

She was completely different.

—So I guess this means she is a different person from the Master Swordsman of the MMORPG Cross Reverie.

Only Shera was composed.

"Hee~, so Sasala-chan was the Master Swordsman~"

"I am sorry.....For not looking like it."

"Isn't that fine? I mean, even for me, although I'm the Queen of the Elves, I don't look like it, right?"

"Eh!? Aren't you a very important person? Why would you come to a mountain in the Demon King territory?"

"I guess it's something like, going along with my husband."

Looking at Diablo who Shera had pointed at, Sasala darted her eyes about.

"Th, the Elven King.....?"

"Umu"

"You are a Demon, right?"

"Various circumstances had occurred."

Going "ha~", either being astonished or relieved, she breathed a doubtful sigh.

"So the world, has people of all kinds, doesn't it."

When she said that, he thought that a young girl who brings out soba being the Master Swordsman was also quite odd.

It seemed that Rem wasn't fully satisfied though.

".....Since when did you, become the Master Swordsman?"

Sasala folded her fingers to count.

"Erm.....Since about half a year ago, I suppose."

".....So it was recently. Your predecessor, where would he be?"

"'y"

Sasala, who had been answering the questions while having a nervous attitude up until now, suddenly covered her face.

She mumbled.

She said something, but it was such a low voice that he couldn't hear her.

Rem was surprised. Come to think of it, Pantherians had an excellent sense of hearing. Enough that they could sense the footsteps of their prey in a prairie.

".....He had died!? I have asked such a rude question."

"N, no. He had already exceeded a hundred years old after all."

The life expectancy of Humans of this other world seemed to be around 50

years. If he reached 100 years old, he could be said to have lived to a ripe old age.

And then, Sasala succeeded after him.

Rem talked about their own circumstances.

".....We are Adventurers, and we require strength in order to fight against the Demon King army. We had heard that we could receive instruction if we come here but?"

"Eh?"

Sasala made a perplexed expression.

".....Were we mistaken?"

"I, only know about the sword.....Rem-san, you are a Magician, right? And the other two as well, aren't they a Magician and an Archer?"

Shera shook her head sideways.

"I'm a Summoner—."

"Is, is that so."

The person herself denied it, but he felt that Sasala's diagnosis wasn't mistaken. Rather, for her to see through the fact that Diablo was a Magician even though he was currently wearing Warrior-type equipment, as expected of a Master Swordsman.

".....Just as you say, I am a Summoner. Even so, as I am now, I cannot fight against the Demonic Beings. I want to develop Warrior-type abilities."

"U—n.....If it is to develop your physical abilities, then I believe it should also fall within a Magician's growth"

".....That is, true but."

Unable to keep silent, Diablo cut in.

He shook his head left and right.

"It is because the enemy is not of that level that we came here. It will not do if I do not ascend to a high level as a Warrior as well."

"Enemy.....?"

Sasala was keeping a low profile, but it seemed that the qualifications for her instruction being strict was the same as the game.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, without taking things like the Demon King army's invasion into consideration, those that did not reach the criteria would be turned away at the door. Even for Diablo who had reached the highest level

as a Magician, since he did not satisfy the condition of being a higher than level 80 Warrior-type, he was unable to meet with the Master Swordsman. However, this place was another world.

Like this, he was able to converse with the Master Swordsman. If he skillfully asked her, there should also be the potential to receive her instruction. First, there was a need to have her understand that danger was closing in on the Races as a whole.

He was secretly nervous.

—Calm down. It'll be fine if we talk to her normally.

When he wasn't performing his character through his Demon King roleplay, he would become unable to let words out smoothly.

However, if he was too overbearing, the talks would get complicated. As friendly and gentle as possible, .

Diablo expressed a smile.

"Ku ku ku.....A Demon King has awakened. The Races will surely be destroyed."

"Hii!? Wh, what are you saying all of a sudden!?"

Rem followed up.

".....If we Adventurers lose to the Demon King, then the Races will be in big trouble, that is what he means."

"The Demon King was revived?"

It seemed that Sasala didn't know. So the information wasn't circulated to her since she was living this deep in the mountains.

"It is the 《Demon King of Insanity Modinalaam》. Have you heard of them?"

"I haven't."

"It seems that guy is absorbing other Demon Kings one after another, and calls itself the Great Demon King."

"The Great Demon King.....is it?"

Her reaction was weak.

Sasala spoke sounding apologetic.

"I, haven't seen a Demon King before so.....I don't really understand."

"Fumu"

So since she didn't know about it, the threat of it wasn't transmitted.

Rem and Shera explained this and that, but it seemed that the actual feeling of

it didn't quite well up inside of her. Even so, it seemed that the situation alone was transmitted to her.

"I see. So due to the Great Demon King Modinalaam, Zircon Tower City and the Elven country.....Things became disastrous for them."

"So you understand now, do you?"

Diablo folded his arms looking self-important.

He asked for her instruction.

"Master Swordsman, it would be best for you to teach me kenjutsu!"

"T, to be told that in such a high-handed manner, this is a first.....desu."

"Is it a problem in the way it was said!?"

"Uuu.....That's not it.....If it isn't a person that has learned the way of the sword for a certain length of time, it's more like I can't teach them, or rather, there would be no meaning if I did teach them....."

"How can you tell that I am less than that even though you haven't even tested me!?"

It might be understood when someone becomes a Master Swordsman. In reality, Diablo was self-aware that his level was lacking.

However, there was the possibility that the Demon King army would invade any day now. He couldn't withdraw so easily.

Sasala answered as if she lost the mental battle.

"Hawawa.....I, I understand.....Then, I will test you."

"Yosh! It would seem my sincerity got through."

Rem breathed a sigh.

".....It doesn't look like anything but you making her listen to you by threatening her."

No way.

Diablo looked at Sasala once more. She was now on the verge of tears.

Subtle feelings of guilt were.....

Part 9

They came out to the yard where the weapons were planted in the ground. Sasala pulled out one from among them. It was a single edged longsword.

"I will, use this."

Shera yawned.

It seemed that she started nodding off while Diablo and Rem were negotiating. No wonder she was so silent.

"Munya munya.....Oh— yeah? I wonder why there are so many weapons stuck in the ground here? In this yard."

Rem tilted her head.

".....I find it hard to understand."

Sasala made her eyebrows go into a /\ shape, and mocked herself.

"Th, that's true, isn't it. As I thought, it really is weird, isn't it.....Ah, haha.....My predecessor was a person who had a principle of saying that it was fine if he had one swing though."

Diablo made a conjecture.

"It is for the sake of the attribute, isn't it? The attributes of earth, water, fire, wind, light, or darkness are in every weapon. There are also differences by their classification such as being a sword, spear, or axe. Normally, one would use weapons that suit themselves, but there are also those that change it to match their opponent."

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, Players that would change to match their enemy were in the majority.

There were also those that would develop only one attribute to the extreme and fight with only that no matter where they were though.

However, in this other world, a pouch that could store any number of weapons was a super valuable article. So far, Diablo had not seen any other than the one that he possessed.

Inevitably, it seemed that people who could use multiple weapons were very rare.

Rem and Shera were impressed.

Sasala was surprised.

"Th, this is.....my first time seeing someone that understands that."

For some reason, her cheeks were flushed. She unblinkingly stared at him with moist eyes.

Diablo felt like he was going to feel bashful.

"Hmph.....It is common sense. Isn't just that the level of the guys you met up until now were just too low?"

"Fufufu....."

She let out a smile and then spoke.

"It feels like, as an Adventurer, you're probably stronger than someone like me. If you use magic."

"Naturally."

"How unfortunate. If you had walked down the path of the sword.....I would have liked to teach you everything."

"You said that you would "test" me though?"

"If you can stop my sword even once, then you pass."

Sasala readied her single edged sword.

Wind coiled about her.

—Is it a Wind attribute sword?

The surrounding atmosphere made a complete change.

Rem and Shera gulped, and had goosebumps on their skin.

Even Diablo felt that his heartbeat had sped up.

She was a different person.

The timid Sasala that was there up until just now and the Sasala that readied her sword right in front of their eyes, they were completely different people.

Unknowingly, Diablo's hands were sweating.

—This intimidating air, it's much greater than Galford's or Baduta's!?

It was about the same as when he faced off against the awakened Demon King Krebskrum. His instincts as a Gamer told him that this was dangerous.

Even so, he couldn't run away.

He drew the 《Seraphic Sword》 that was on his waist.

"If I can stop it even once, you say? Certainly, the sword is not a weapon I am strong with but.....Do not look down on me."

Up until now, whether in the game or this other world, he had fought against a

great number of enemies. He had conceit that he would evade or stop the attack of a high level Warrior.

Sasala took one step, approaching him.

"You don't understand, do you.....About your own self."

"What did you say?"

"When fighting against a high-ranking Magician, a Warrior must always make preparations to close in the distance. If some distance were to be taken, they would have a hard time getting close. At the same time, vigilance against magic is also needed. It is because there is certain magic with power that cannot be endured so easily."

"It would seem that you are well-informed with Chemical Elemental Magic as well, aren't you?"

"I am a Master Swordsman after all."

In this other world, Summoned Beasts were regarded as important, and Chemical Elemental Magic was treated lightly.

However, it seemed that for those that surpassed the limits of the Races, they properly understood its strength.

Sasala took one more step closer.

It was a disadvantageous distance for Magicians.

However, Diablo claimed to be strong even in close combat.

It was a distance where a sword could reach him, but it wouldn't be a problem if he evaded it. More importantly, he preferred quick decisive battles done with magic where contact is the activation condition or with high-powered magic where bullet speed is slow.

It was because Diablo, who always fought alone, was weak with wars of attrition.

Sasala spoke.

"This is, a Warrior's distance."

"Do not think of me as being the same as normal Magicians. Even at this distance, I will not fall that far behind."

"That is because your opponents were being vigilant of magic."

"Being vigilant of the opponent's attack, is only natural."

"It is because magic cannot be caught with a sword.....From hereon, I will fire a slash with all of my power packed into it, without being vigilant of magic. If you

can defend against it—you pass. A Master Swordsman will instruct you."

"Very well."

The intimidating air suddenly vanished from Sasala's whole body.

The rampaging tempest completely vanished, and it felt as if not even a light breeze was blowing.

".....Here is my slash."

A bird quickly crossing the calm sky—It was that kind of attack. Without any preparatory motions, her sword extended out.

"Ugh!?"

Sasala's sword caressed the nape of Diablo's neck.

The skin was torn and fresh blood gushed out from the artery, that sort of thing didn't happen.

It was because it was the back of the blade.

So the single edged sword was for the sake of that.

—I couldn't see it!?

On Sasala's face, there wasn't a smile.

"Originally, sword attacks are launched by firmly stepping on the ground.....

When the opponent is a high-ranking Magician, it will be done while moving and while preparing to move away at any time."

"Impossible. Up until now, I had fought against enemies that resolved themselves for simultaneously striking each other down."

He accepted that her abilities were high.

There was the possibility that the Great Demon King Modinalaam was about as fast as this Master Swordsman—Thinking that, he decided to develop in the Warrior Class.

The plan was correct. Diablo believed that it was great that he met with the Master Swordsman.

However, he was hesitant to consent to Sasala's claim. If they weren't being vigilant of magic, then anyone could hurl attacks of great speed—He had not thought of that at all.

She made a mysterious looking face.

"But....."

She lowered her waist, and swung her sword once again.

This time, he just barely saw it but.....It still wasn't a speed where he could stop

it with a sword.

Her single edged sword touched Diablo's right shoulder.

"Kuh"

"With this, it was a bit slow, right?"

"Slower than the last one....."

"Look, this one, is fast."

Again, she fired an extreme speed slash.

He tried to bring his sword out to catch it, but before he did that, his right leg was hit by Sasala's sword.

Diablo claimed to be strong in close combat, but this girl was extraordinary.

He couldn't respond.

Diablo gritted his teeth.

"To think that there was this much of a difference.....It's greater than I anticipated."

She lowered her sword.

Her atmosphere returned to normal.

Part 10

Sasala bowed very deeply.

"S, sorry.....Are you hurt anywhere?"

Diablo was disheartened.

"I'm surprised. This is the first time I've been overwhelmed this much. I suppose I should say as expected of a Master Swordsman. I have nothing but admiration for you."

"No way.....I, I have no merit other than swinging a sword."

She shrunk her small body even more.

Diablo bit his lip.

He felt that the conceit he had up until now was smashed up.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, he piled up complete victories to the point that he called himself a Demon King.

He often left behind records in events.

He defeated many formidable enemies with his superhuman reaction speed and judgement.

Moreover, this other world, for various reasons, should have had lower levels than the game overall.

However, he was cut the moment he noticed!

This kind of defeat, he hadn't experienced it even in the game.

—What is going on?

It was said that to be instructed by the Master Swordsman, the Warrior level needed to be greater than 80. In that case, would a Warrior greater than level 80 be able to stop that Sasala's slash?

It was hard to believe.

But, did he have no choice but to accept it?

Emil said that he had received instruction.

"I was told by my Shishou, to expand my horizons! So now I am studying under a person called the Master Swordsman Graham who lives in the northern mountains."

He had certainly called the Master Swordsman his Shishou.

Since Sasala said that she had taken over as Master Swordsman half a year ago, he probably wasn't talking about her predecessor.

If he was inferior to the Great Demon King Modinalaam, and to the Master Swordsman, then it was just as he predicted. It is for that reason that Diablo felt the necessity to develop as a Warrior-type after all.

However, this and that were different stories.

—I, am inferior to level 80?

He wasn't satisfied with that.

Seeming worried, Sasala peeked at his face.

"U, um.....Are you really alright? Any injuries.....?"

"There are none. There is no need for concern."

"Is that so. Erm.....Well then.....About the instruction.....even if I teach you, if you can't see my sword, then it's impossible."

He was aware that his level was lacking, but to think that it would be this overwhelming.

Diablo was bewildered.

Falling in defeat, his bluff through his Demon King role play would crumble. He had harbored that sort of anxiety as well but.

—Right now, I'm, extremely, excited!

It was a feeling of excitement like when he had first started the MMORPG Cross Reverie.

He had also felt it when he had just arrived in this other world, but after understanding his abilities as a Magician and increasing his reassurance, the excitement vanished.

However, he could become even stronger!

Diablo tightly gripped the sword in his hand.

"Fu, fufufu....."

"Have you come to understand?"

"You have my gratitude, Sasala."

"Eh? Eh?"

"I will definitely show you that I can stop your sword."

She nodded.

"Yes. I am sure that if you train for about ten years, then you probably will."

"Sorry but.....I cannot take things that slowly."

"B, but, training is something done steadily so....."

"It was my loss! I will come again."

Diablo turned his back to her.

Rem and Shera were waiting.

Or maybe they had lost their faith in him due to his defeat—is what he thought, but there weren't any signs of disappointment or contempt on their faces.

Rather, they were showing smiles of appreciation.

".....It must have been hard. This is my first time seeing you lose."

"Sasala-chan, she's really strong, isn't she—. I also couldn't see her sword at all—."

".....As expected of the Master Swordsman. Doesn't it seem that she is faster than the Faltra Feudal Lord and the Head of the Holy Knights Baduta?"

"Un, she was much faster than that Baduta person."

There was no doubt about that.

But, one could stop it if they were a level 80 Warrior—if that is the case, then he himself is probably too weak.

Diablo admitted his defeat, and descended the mountain.

Chapter 4: Leveling Up

Part 1

"Sell me all of these."

The next morning.

Diablo paid a visit to the carriage shop alone.

The Dwarven shopkeeper, who still had a sleepy face, tilted his head.

"Ahn? The Gold Fruit.....? It won't work as fodder but.....as fertilizer? Are you going to make a field or something?"

"I'll eat them."

"Hahaha.....That sort of joke, has it gotten popular in the royal capital?"

"I am serious. Will you sell them or not, answer me quickly."

"What will you do, if I say that I won't sell them?"

"In that case, it cannot be helped. If you say that they are harvested on the mountain, then will simply go to the mountain."

He did not catch sight of them near the mountain trail.

Going by the strength of the monsters, it was difficult to imagine that they would be found that deep in the mountains. Most likely, they are probably found a bit off from the mountain trail.

The shopkeeper shrugged his shoulders.

"This really doesn't seem like anything but a joke but.....Well, if you're going to go that far, I'll sell them to you. They aren't really high priced goods."

"Yosh!"

Diablo bought the entire cart.



He returned to the inn that they were staying at.

Looking around restlessly, Rem and Shera were waiting in front of the building looking worried.

"Diablo! What in the world is with that.....?"

"What, what? Ueh!? Isn't that, the super bitter Gold Fruit thing?"

"Umu."

".....Just when I thought that you left so early in the morning alone.....What are you going to do with something like that? Do you plan on making Shera eat them or something?"

"I absolutely don't wanna!?"

Since she raised a loud voice while on the road, the people walking by ended up staring at them. Even though they had appearances that stood out even under normal conditions.

Diablo gave an explanation to the two of them.

No matter what form it was in, he had shown them defeat. Despite that, the girls didn't change their attitude towards him even a little.

That sort of thing, did it have a bit of an influence on his mentality?

He became unable to consider doing the training in secret.

He continued his Demon King role play, but it was a fact that his current self was undergoing training.

Becoming frantic to level up wasn't a disgrace.

"The Gold Fruit, I will eat them."

Rem and Shera hardened.

Their expressions were stern.

"Ah, um.....Diablo.....Even if you did lose, I find it questionable for you to worry about it that much."

"That's right! Everyone loses at some point, you know!?"

".....To begin with, didn't Sasala also say that if you used magic, that you would be stronger than her?"

"There's no reason for you to die!"

".....Weren't you going to participate in the fight to protect Faltra City?"

"What will happen with the Elven country!? Am I suddenly going to become a widow!?"

Diablo stopped the two that were pressing him.

"Wait, wait. You two are misunderstanding things."

".....It seems that Gold Fruit are poisonous."

"If you eat these, you will definitely die, you know? They taste that bad."

"There is also that sort of theory, but if you eat this, then you will level up—Wasn't there also that sort of information?"

Rem spoke as if to admonish him.

".....To "level up by eating fruit" is it. That sort of, occultic thing, it's impossible."

"Something like food that can level you up, that's just strange, you know!?"

Even Shera was desperately trying to stop him.

Diablo nodded.

"Your thoughts, I understand them well."

".....So you understand us."

"Un, un, let's eat things that are normally more delicious—"

The two of them showed expressions of relief.

As he thought, he couldn't get them to understand him.

"But, I will eat them!"

When Diablo grabbed a Gold Fruit, he threw it to his mouth.

Part 2

Since long ago, he didn't listen to what other people said.
He didn't want to bend on things that he decided himself.
To begin with, if he had a personality where he would obediently abide by the views of others, he surely wouldn't have been a hikikomori and a NEET.
Even if he did have a communication disorder, he was independent.
Rather, it could be said that he was lacking a cooperative spirit.
He would persist no matter what those around him tried to tell him.
If I had to follow the values of others, then what meaning is there to myself existing? is how he felt.

As a result of that—

Diablo was fallen prostrate on the bed.

"Uuuugh....."

Rem leaked out an exasperated voice.

".....So reckless."

"Are you alright? Are you alright?"

Shera was rubbing his back.

His stomach, hurt.

"It is no problem. Naturally."

Diablo, while dripping cold sweat, replied with only that.

Shoving his hand into his pouch, he took out a purple potion tube. With trembling hands, he drank it.

As if a poisonous snake that was writhing about in his stomach had fallen asleep, the pain withdrew.

It was an 《Antidote Potion》.

It was a valuable article in this other world, but in the MMORPG Cross Reverie, it was an extremely common item that anyone could easily obtain.

He hadn't hypothesized that they would be used like this, but he had brought along several of them.

"Fuu....."

Diablo breathed a sigh.

The Gold Fruit tasted terrible beyond imagination. Enough that he couldn't say that it was the taste of food to begin with. It had a medicinal kind of bitterness, and the aftertaste made him break out in a sweat and cause his body to tremble.

When he ate the third one, an abrupt stomach ache struck him.

Did it really have toxicity to it?

At any rate, it didn't seem like it was food for the Races. It was just as what the carriage shop shopkeeper had said.

The cartload of Gold Fruit was placed in the corner of the room.

Within Diablo's brain, an angel persuaded him.

—Let us stop this. There is no guarantee that you will become stronger even if you go through this suffering. Since you are plenty strong as a Magician, would it not be fine if you just came up with a way to fight? That is what you did up until now after all.

In contrast, a devil whispered to him.

—Let's stop this, okay? Besides, wouldn't it be fine if you just ran away from the fight, and lived enjoyably in a distant country? Let's enjoy a slow life!

So both were in agreement.

However, his gamer soul was different.

—If there is the possibility of efficiently leveling up, then I'll risk something like my life!

"Naturally."

Diablo progressed as if dragging his heavy legs, and with trembling hands, he grabbed a Gold Fruit.

Rem and Shera no longer stopped him.

".....I, will believe in you. In the past, I said that, didn't I. And that won't change even now."

"Diablo, if you feel that it's necessary no matter what, then it can't be helped."

"Hmph.....Do no fear. I have no intention of dying from something as stupid as this."

Diablo put a Gold Fruit in his mouth.

At the same time, he drank an 『Antidote Potion』 and a 『HP Recovery Potion』, and washed it down.

Within his body, the poisonous snake started to rage about once again.

Pain ran through him, and his face cramped up.

A rumbling could be heard from his stomach.

He purposefully put strength into his stomach that had an acute pain running through it.

"I am, the Demon King of another world Diablo! I will not yield, to something, of this level!"

He ate even more.

Eat.

Ate.

Drank.

Bit it. Stuffed his cheeks. Indulged in it. Ate it. Gulped it down. Ate untidily.

Devoured greedily. Overate it. Heavily ate it. Engorged on it.

Eat. Eat.

Eat. Vomit. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat.

Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat.

Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Ate. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat. Eat eat eat it all.

Three days later—

The Gold Fruits that were once a huge mound on the cart were gone.

Part 3

Diablo once again climbed the Heavenly Mountain.
He should have taken antidotes and also healed, but a heavy pain remained deep within his stomach.
Since he continued to eat for three days and three nights and couldn't sleep due to the pain, his eyelids were heavy.
Enough that it was tough for him to even walk.
The Demonic Beasts that appeared on his way up were eliminated by Rem and Shera.
He didn't have the spare energy to fight them.
Having climbed up the cliff that was right before the Master Swordsman's hermitage, Diablo lied down on the grassland. Going *Fuu*, it felt like his consciousness was going to break off.

"....."

"Eh? Ah, you all are.....!?"

It was Sasala's voice.
Diablo brought his body up.

The time was evening—
With the facts that they had left the inn later than before, that Diablo's body felt heavy, and that the battles were left to Rem and Shera, it had taken up more time for them to get there.
The place was shining red by the setting sun.
Countless weapons were stuck into the ground.
It was the Master Swordsman's hermitage.
And then, maybe because she was in the middle of practice, Sasala stood there with a spear in hand. She had made a surprised face by their abrupt visit.
"For you all to come by again.....What is wrong?"
Rem spoke looking shameful.
".....I, had proposed that he come here after resting a bit but.....Diablo said that he needed to no matter what."

"Sorry, Sasala-chan. He said that he wanted you to test him one more time."

Shera also spoke for him.

Sasala tilted her head.

"Ehh? B, but, not even a week has passed, you know?"

She had predicted ten years.

Diablo stood up.

His hands trembled.

Even if he did rest, he didn't know if it would get better. Whether it be the strange chill he had, or the pain of the poisonous snake that was raging about within his body.

He didn't improve with neither the 《Antidote Potion》 nor the 《HP Recovery Potion》.

However, that didn't matter.

Thinking "If I eat the Gold Fruit, wouldn't I level up just like in the game?", he did the absurd.

—What was the result?

He wanted to know.

Would he be able to see Sasala's slash, or not.

Finding it to be a pain to even take a sword out from his pouch, Diablo grabbed a sword in front of him that was stuck in the ground, and drew it out.

"I will, borrow this."

It was a long sword that was covered in rust.

He felt a faint amount of magical power from it, but it probably wouldn't have that great of an effect.

Sasala made a bewildered looking face.

"Ah, um.....You are looking very unwell but....."

"Do not mind it."

"But, you look like you'll collapse at any moment now....."

"It is because, your residence is this deep in the mountains. When we left the inn, I was feeling a bit better."

"I, I am sorry."

"If you feel guilty, then let me do it once more. If you say that you won't no matter what, then I will be the one to start it."

"Uuugh.....I, I understand....."

Once again, Sasala was on the verge of tears.
He harbored feelings of guilt, but he didn't have the luxury to worry about them. Just as she had said, Diablo felt like he was going to collapse at any moment now.

Sasala readied her spear.
Her atmosphere changed once again.
This time, there was an intimidating air where it felt like his skin was getting burned.
It was different from the other day.
The tip of the spear was wrapped in flames.
—To think that there would be this much of a change by the weapon equipped.
Sasala glared at him with eyes like that of a starved wolf.
"I warned you. I won't listen to any complaints even if you die, you know?"
"That is just what I want. If you hold back on me, then I will turn you to ash with my maximum magic."
"Fuu....."
She drew near once again.
Normally, Spear-users that fight against Magicians would charge in with the Martial Art 《Lance Charge》.
With her slowly closing the distance, there was a feeling of oppression.
—Do not be impatient.
In this other world, the effects of Gold Fruit were unknown, but in the MMORPG Cross Reverie, if he consumed that huge amount of Gold Fruit, he definitely would have leveled up.
Really?
A game was a game. Even if this place is called another world, it was reality.
Leveling up with fruit, is that even possible? His thoughts were going round and round.
Sasala got into range.
"This is a sure-hit thrust, desu."
"Wait a....."
Involuntarily, he said that out loud.
Since she had a kind personality, maybe she complied with him.
The attack that aimed for Diablo's shoulder, right before it hit—Its speed fell.

He just barely evaded it.

"Fuu.....Ah—.....Sorry. Um.....It's just that I felt like a sneeze was going to come out, you see."

It was because he became worried just before it happened—he couldn't say something like that.

Sasala displayed a stern expression.

She was timid, but she had a personality that was a bit too serious. It might have hindered her mood.

"Once more.....desu ne. Please receive it properly."

"Yeah, it is that sort of test after all."

He took a deep breath.

It was no good to think about unnecessary things. He needed to concentrate. However, the Gold Fruit was bad enough to cause him to tilt between life and death.

If he didn't receive Sasala's attack, then it would mean that all that suffering would become meaningless.

His heart felt like it would break.

It was unavoidable for a hikikomori.

Shouldn't he at least challenge her after his physical condition was perfect, is the common sense that passed through his mind at this late point in time.

"O, on second thought, let's do this some other time....."

"Here I come!"

Did she get mad from his earlier excuse? Sasala raised a loud voice that she hadn't made up until now that was filled with fighting spirit.

She thrust at him with the spear.

Diablo opened his eyes wide.

"Dodge, Sasala!!"

The matter of the test flew out from his head. He had no hesitation.

He stuck out the sword.

Diablo fired magic, 《Flare Burst》.

Part 4

Sasala rolled down on the ground.

"Hii!?"

At the same time, the explosion activated at point-blank range.

From that smoke and flames, a black figure rushed out.

Diablo clicked his tongue in his mind.

"The activation was slow!?"

Maybe due to his physical condition—It took a bit of time between his chanting of the magic to the activation of 『Flare Burst』's explosion.

Sasala darted her eyes about from what had happened so abruptly.

"Wh, wh, what.....!?"

"That's what I want to know! This thing, it is really a monster!?"

The black figure that took a distance of several steps and confronted him was, a giant monkey densely covered in thick hair. It was a bit taller than Diablo.

It had a Japanese sword with a crescent moon engraved on the pommel at the ready.

"Grrrrr....."

It made a low growl.

Rem shouted.

"Diablo! Isn't that the 『Evil Monkey』!?"

"Ahh.....We heard a story about it."

He remembered how the carriage store Dwarf had warned them.

Sasala gulped.

"Wh, why.....!?"

"It seems that it attacks when it sees that an Adventurer is strong. It would seem, that you were targeted, Sasala."

Earlier, just before she came thrusting with her spear—

It coming from behind her, and slashing with incredible speed, is what Diablo had seen.

Sasala shook her head left and right.

"No.....no.....the one that was targeted, wasn't me, desu....."

What came out on her face wasn't the gallant ambiance that she had when she was in stance with her sword, but her usual timid-looking side. Although she held a spear in hand, she wouldn't stand up.

—Is the the type that is weak in actual combat? Or maybe.....

At any rate, it seems that harm has been brought to other Adventurers as well.

"We haven't taken up the quest, but should we hunt it?"

Diablo was about to fire his next magic.

The large monkey densely covered in thick hair—The Evil Monkey nimbly jumped back.

"Giiiiiiia!"

It raised a strange shout.

Just like that, it ran away into the mountains trees.

He didn't chase after it.

Honestly, he wasn't in a condition to fight against a formidable enemy.

"Good grief."

"Uuu....."

Sasala was still sitting down on the ground.

Rem and Shera rushed over.

".....Diablo, are you alright?"

"It kinda had a strange feeling to it, didn't it—. It felt like it was different from wild animals, Demonic Beasts, and Demonic Beings, didn't it?"

That's right, that thing was different.

Diablo thrust his sword into the ground.

"Sasala, I will ask you, once more. That Evil Monkey, is it really a monster?"

"Th, that is....."

"Under certain circumstances, I had seen the Master Swordsman."

"Eh!?"

She gulped.

"Why, does the monster that is called the Evil Monkey and that is attacking Adventurers.....Why does it have the Master Swordsman's katana?"

Rem was surprised, and Shera tilted her head.

Sasala's shoulders trembled.

"....."

"Earlier, you asserted that you were not the one that was targeted. You know

something. What are you hiding?"

Guh She gritted her teeth.

Did she intend on not talking no matter what?

Rem squatted down beside her.

".....Sasala, it would be best for you to talk now while you can. It is because this person known as Diablo becomes dreadful at times. If you keep hiding it, he will make you taste a shame that will last a lifetime."

"Hii!?"

So she still held a grudge over how he had played with her panther ears to get her to talk about her secret on the first night they were together.

With a smile, Shera placed a hand on Sasala's back.

"It's fine! Although Diablo has a mean-looking face, and a mean way of talking, he is a good person that saves everyone!"

"B, but....."

"You have some circumstances, don't you?"

Sasala nodded.

"Um.....Th, the matter of all this, could you keep it a secret, from the people in town....."

"Un!"

".....I promise."

Diablo also nodded.

He didn't have a preference to spreading other people's' secrets.

Breathing a sigh as if she had given up, Sasala stood up.

"As you have, already guessed.....the Evil Monkey.....is the previous Master Swordsman. My foster father.....desu."

".....How, did he become like that?"

"Th, that is....."

Shera grabbed Sasala's hand, who was still hesitant to speak about it.

"Tell us, Sasala-chan. We're, friends, aren't we!?"

"F.....Fri.....ends?"

"Un!"

"Is, is that true.....?"

"That's right—."

"Friends.....This is, my first time being called that, desu."

Diablo tilted his head.

Among those so-called friends, would he also be counted among them?

He couldn't understand Shera's way of closing the distance.

However, Sasala's cheeks were flushed, and as she gazed at her tightly gripped hand, she didn't seem dissatisfied at all.

Part 5

Diablo's group moved to a place within the estate.
It was the room with a sunken hearth that they ate soba in before.

Ten years ago—
Sasala, brought along by her father who was a merchant, came to 《Sodmas》.
However, her father was done in by a Demonic Beast of the Heavenly Mountain.
Right when she was nearly eaten as well, a Master Swordsman that just happened to be passing by—Graham saved her.
He was an old master that held the Japanese sword that had the crest of a crescent moon on its pommel, the 《Dark Moon》, in his hand.
Maybe feeling pity for Sasala whose parent had just died and who had no other relatives, he taught her the sword as a means of living.
Sasala had a natural talent for it.
Sounding like she found it really painful, she spoke.
".....At around the fifth year.....probably.....I had become the stronger one."
It was something really dreadful.
Graham was the one that kindly taught her, hoping that she would succeed the name of Master Swordsman someday, but.....

Half a year ago—
Graham held the suspicion of "Wasn't his daughter holding back on him during practice?"
He slashed at her with the intent to kill.
It was not practice.
It was an attack on her.
Fortunately or unfortunately, Sasala repelled Graham. She was too favored by talent. Enough to drive the kind old master mad with jealousy.....
The Master Swordsman fell into darkness.
"Abandoning the shell known as being a person of the Races, and becoming an existence that only wields the sword.....That sort of thing, happens."

".....Could it be a 《Martial Art》?"

Sasala shook her head sideways to Rem's question.

"That, is no longer anything like sword techniques or skills. In the words that the ancestor left behind, he is a mere 《Oni》."

".....Oni."

"Even though it is a taboo.....Because of me, my dear foster father (tou-sama) who was so kind was....."

She had a tearful voice.

Shera hugged her shoulders.

"That is so sad."

"Right.....That is, right.....Sad."

Boro boro Sasala shed tears.

Raising her voice, she cried.

After waiting for Sasala to calm down, Rem asked her a question.

".....According to that story, would that mean that the Evil Monkey's target is you?"

"Tou-sama who had turned into an Oni, no longer, remembers the past. It looks like, he doesn't even recognize me."

".....So there is no meaning to it."

A person vanished, and turned into a single Oni.

In other words, it was that kind of story.

"The current Tou-sama.....If he finds a strong person, he would only slash at them.....But, I, can no longer fight against Tou-sama....."

"Nn? What do you mean by that?"

"Erm.....If the opponent is someone that doesn't have an intent to kill or fighting spirit, then Tou-sama won't fight them. Also, he won't fight anyone other than Warriors."

".....So the ones attacked, are strong Warrior-types?"

"Yes."

".....And then, since you don't have the will to fight against your predecessor, you won't be targeted."

"Probably, desu."

Rem knitted her brows.

".....This is going to sound harsh but, is that really the correct thing to do?"

"Correct?"

"You feel obligation towards your predecessor, and you feel that you don't want to fight that person, right?"

"O, of course."

".....But, that predecessor of yours, didn't he want to win against you so badly that he fell into becoming an Oni?"

Sasala was at a loss for words.

She gazed at her own hands.

"Th, that way of putting it.....I hadn't thought of it, at all. I only thought, that he had no other options, and got mad at me."

Rem spoke slowly.

".....I do not know, what was in his mind. It's possible even the person himself had misunderstood. But, ways of killing a person, there are countless ways of doing it. But for him to not go with any of those, and changing into an Oni that only wields the sword, there should be a meaning to it. Don't you feel that way?"

"Uuu....."

"I have not met with your predecessor. Sasala, there could be something that you, who was the closest one to him, might know."

"Yes."

"Please try to think deeply about what needs to be done."

"....."

Sasala said nothing and nodded.

Rem purposely spoke to her with an impersonal tone.

"Depending on the result of your thoughts—if you say that you will not fight him, I will take action as an Adventurer. A monster that possesses as much strength as a Master Swordsman cannot be left on the loose after all."

For the time being, things became like that in regards to the Evil Monkey.

Part 6

Diablo stood up.

"Now then, I suppose we'll head back."

As expected, it was extremely unlikely that he could concentrate anymore.

His physical condition was also at its worse.

He decided to return to the inn, take a couple days of rest, and then challenge Sasala once again.

"Ah, um.....Please wait. Erm.....About the "test"....."

"Mu?"

Could it be that she is going to say that there is a limit to the number of challenges that could be made? If that were the case, he felt that with today's accident, it should not be counted.

Sasala straightened her posture.

"Um.....You saw it, didn't you? My thrust."

"Didn't a bother come in the middle of it."

"Th, that was the second one.....desu. I am talking about the first one."

Diablo remembered how Sasala slowed down her attack when he asked her to "wait".

—If she says that that was a disqualification, I have no words to give back. Was there any enemy that would stop from being told to "wait" in an actual fight? Even if he were to say so himself, he blurted out something stupid.

He thought of an excuse.

"Ah—.....Actually, at that time, the presence of the Evil Monkey was already....."

While breaking out into a cold sweat, he tried to come up with a suitable reason.

Sasala's eyes sparkled.

"Th, this is a first for me. To have my thrust evaded!"

"Mumu?"

"I was thinking "couldn't you also have warded it off with your sword at that time"."

"That is only natural. You, had slowed down your attack after all."

"Eh? Erm.....I didn't slow it down."

Rem and Shera were also in agreement.

".....It was an attack so fast I couldn't see it. It wasn't any different than before."

"Yup, yup. It was faster than slashing with a sword, wasn't it."

Diablo tilted his head.

"You say some strange things. The first time, didn't you clearly thrust slowly?"

Sasala spoke being somewhat excited.

"Slowly! This is, the first time my own thrust was described like that."

"C, could it be....."

"I am a Master Swordsman. There is no way I would make a half-baked attack. I had not aimed for a vital spot, but it was a serious thrust that I put all of my energy into. And you, had evaded that!"

"Se....."

Seriously!? is what he was about to say.

Futsu futsu Joy came welling up.

Sasala made a declaration.

"You pass! Diablo, I welcome you as a disciple of the Master Swordsman. M, my disciple.....You are number one."

Disciple number one.

"What, did you say.....?"

In response to her words, not just Diablo, even Rem and Shera tilted their heads.

Sasala scratched her head.

Her bushy dog tail flapped about.

"Ufufu.....Having no one able to receive my full-powered sword, I became a bit uneasy—. I finally have one~."

"You said that you were acting as the Master Swordsman, since half a year ago, right?"

"Y, yes. Several very strong looking Warriors, had come by but.....They didn't quite make it."

"Do you know a man called Emil?"

"Au, I'm sorry. I am not very good at remembering people's names....."

"He is a strange guy that self-proclaims himself to be an "ally of women". He has a long name of Byushe-something."

Sasala made a displeased face.

"H, he did.....He said that he defended himself against the sword of Faltra's Feudal Lord, so I guess that was amazing.....But, while thinking "if he were to become my disciple, would this person stay at the estate? That's a bit scary—", I cut him down."

"What happened?"

"Although I cut him about a hundred times, he was unable to block even one of them, and I felt relieved. Ah, I told him to please come again after he went around to various countries and got him to leave....."

"You, that's just a shitty game, isn't it!?"

Diablo involuntarily shouted.

Biku Sasala was taken aback.

"Wa, wawa.....W, was something.....wrong with that?"

"It was said that to receive the Master Swordsman's instruction, they need to be a level 80 Warrior—did you know that!?"

"Eh? Level? What is that?"

"Were you not taught about that part by your predecessor!?"

She did her very best to remember.

"Ah.....ah.....Come to think of it, when people came wanting to be his disciple.....Tou-sama would test them."

"Umu."

Sasala, as if yearning for the past, made distant eyes and spoke.

"He would slash at about three times slower than usual, and if they could catch that blow, then they would pass—."

"Thattt issss theee original difficulty levellll, you damned imbecileee—!!!"

"Hii~!? I'm s-s-sorry—."

"You mean to say you tested me at three times that level!?"

"Awawa.....W, was it wrong of me to slash at you with my full power—!?"

"What did your predecessor do!?"

"Hauu~, he held back.....I had forgotten this whole time....."

When Sasala escaped to close to the wall, she hugged her tail and trembled. Her pointed ears were drooped down.

Diablo took a daunting pose.

His drowsiness had been blown away.

"You, do you not know about your own level either!?"

"Ah.....uh.....I was told once.....by Tou-sama....."

"And what did he say?"

""When you win against this father of yours, I shall deem you as level 200" is what he said....."

"Level 200!?"

His head, felt dizzy.

He felt as if the ground became slanted.

He could understand why he was unable to see through Sasala's slash before. It was an unknown high level that he had never fought against before.

The highest level implemented in the MMORPG Cross Reverie went up to level 150.

She was far higher.

To think that she would reach such height with just a few years of training.

So she was a prodigy.

—I might be able to understand a bit why the previous Master Swordsman had turned into an Oni out of jealousy.

One couldn't imagine it from seeing her tremble like a scolded dog, but this young Dwarf girl, she was a much higher level than anyone he had fought up until now.

Rem spoke so as to pacify him.

".....Diablo, everyone makes mistakes."

He wasn't mad anymore, but he replied with a Demon King-like self-important attitude.

"There won't be a next time."

Sasala nodded many times.

Diablo asked with an exasperated sounding tone.

"To begin with, I seem to be disciple number one but.....You are able to provide proper guidance, right?"

"It, it is fine.....Tou-sama had said this. That the arts of a Master Swordsman are not for the sake of fighting, but for the sake of teaching people."

"What will we do tomorrow? If you say that it is cleaning the estate, or working

in the fields, I will be going home."

He understood that basics and spirit training were important, but he didn't know when the Demon King army would invade Faltra City. If there was a need to settle down there, he intended on coming back again later.

Sasala had a nervous look to her.

"E, erm.....Since you will be fighting against me with a wooden sword.....How does that sound?"



"U-mu"

He had nothing but unease.

With her being a level 200 Warrior, he found it scary since it seemed like she could do a one-hit kill even with a wooden sword but.....

"I, I can properly hold back!"

—Ehh—? Can you really?

That was how he felt, but he decided to trust her on it for the time being.

Rem squatted down in front of Sasala.

".....May I ask something? I have two requests for the Master Swordsman."

"Auu.....If you are fine with someone like me."

Having suffered from Diablo's anger on top of already being a timid person, she had shrunken down to being servile.

"It is something that only you can do. With the correct intensity that you mentioned earlier, could you test me as well? If it is somewhat slow, I might be able to handle it somehow."

"B, but, aren't you a Summoner.....?"

".....I had said this before, but in order for me to fight against the Demon King army as well, I want to become stronger."

"Uu—, I understand."

It turned out that Rem would also take the test.

Shera raised her hand.

"Then, I'll also take it—. It seems like it'll be boring if I just wait alone after all."

Rem glared at her with scornful eyes.

".....You're an Archer."

"I told you I'm a Summoner!"

"Hawawa.....This is about becoming a disciple of the sword though~!?"

Quarrelling a bit, in the end, Sera also ended up being able to take the test.

Going "for the other one"—Rem started again.

".....This one, is a much more major request."

"Wh, what is it?"

"Could you come to the Fortress City Faltra, and fight against the Demon King army together with us?"

"Eh.....?"

"I understand that Sodmas City at the foot of the mountain has flourished thanks to the Master Swordsman. However, if Faltra City falls, then this place

will also become isolated."

"Yes."

".....It would not be an exaggeration to say that the protection of Faltra City will influence the destiny of the Races. By all means, please lend us your strength."

Shera put her hands together.

"As expected of you, Rem! If she does that, it'll be something really pleasant! I'll ask too, please do it, Sasala-chan!"

Being petitioned like that, Sasala pondered.

"U, un.....We are friends, so I feel like, I want to do something about it but.....

There is still the matter about Tou-sama."

"Ahh, that's true! In that case, we'll need to settle that!"

Shera said that, and Rem had no objections.

Part 7

The next day—

Sasala, whose eyes were red, made a big yawn.

Diablo readied his wooden sword.

"Are you alright?"

"Ah.....S, sorry.....After everything yesterday, I read the book of secrets that founder-sama left behind over again, and then it was morning before I knew it....."

"For soba?"

"Au.....Th, that's not it. Things like the method for the trial, and in regards to levels, various things were written. I should have read about them long ago though."

"So that's why you forgot."

"Uuu.....I'm sorry—."

"Damned novice Master Swordsman. And so? Weren't we going to be crossing swords today?"

For Sasala, she wasn't even holding a wooden sword.

"Ah.....It was written in the book of secrets that you would die even if I held back.....So since I will be dodging, you pass if you hit me, desu."

He felt gratitude from the bottom of his heart for the book of secrets that was left behind.

—Fountersama, nice!

"Is it fine if I slash with all of my strength?"

"That is alright. It seems that, I have a constitution where I don't receive damage once per day after all."

"!?"

"I am a tiny bit sturdy."

He felt that being a tiny bit sturdy wasn't something cute, but was more of a legitimate cheat though.

"From now on, if something happens, I will first make you a shield."

"Hawawa!?"

Diablo focused on his sword.

Thanks to Sasala's mistaken difficulty level setting and the Gold Fruits, he leveled up remarkably as a Warrior.

Thanks to having slept well, his physical condition was better than yesterday.

The stomach ache remained, but the chills and the cramps had vanished.

—Just how much is my offensive ability as I am now?

He slashed with full power.

"Seei!"

A side sweeping blow.

Sasala crouched down, and easily evaded it.

"U, um.....You mustn't look at where your are slashing, before you slash. It gets exposed, by the movement of your eyes."

"Kuh."

He swung again.

She avoided it once again.

"It was exposed with the movements of your muscles."

"Gunu."

"It needs to be much faster, desu. Muscles that aren't needed for slashing, it would be best if they don't move.....maybe."

"The body of the Races, aren't made to be like that!"

"Auu.....How should I put it.....Have you ever seen weaving done? That sort of movement where there is no uselessness and only required movements are done is good."

Being told that by Sasala, Diablo gazed at his own hands.

Arriving at that mental state, he had done it before.

—I, remember.

The operation of extreme Players, would become unchasable with the eyes of an ordinary person. They would end up not having any unnecessary movements just like machines in a factory.

If you want to win, then quit being human! He had been on the side that declared that.

Since he was swinging a sword, he had moved his body while going with the sensations of the flesh and blood he was familiar with but.....

If he were a high level Warrior, then he was probably already a different

existence from the body he had in his original world. It was just like using magic in this other world.

He imagined a normal attack done in the MMORPG Cross Reverie.

—Perceiving the target in range, then the attack button.

By the time he realized it, he had already swung his sword.

The sound of cutting the air, was different.

"Oo!?"

It was a speed that surprised even himself.

"Hyaah!?"

Surprised by the sudden change, Sasala's evasion was delayed. He grazed her pointed ears.

Diablo expressed a smile.

"I hit, didn't I?"

"Th, that just now.....since it was the hair.....it was no good, desu."

"I don't mind that but, the next time I hit you, won't you receive damage?"

"Hawa—.....I will endure it."

Against a Sasala that was absorbed in evading, he couldn't hit her all that easily.

Even for Diablo, when compared to the magic that was ingrained into his brain, his attacks with a sword couldn't be said to be smooth.

It took three days until he could properly hit her.

At that time, having challenged her several times, Rem and Shera were somehow able to pass.

They became the Master Swordsman's disciples number two and number three.

Chapter 5: Trying Out Challenging the Trial

Part 1

One month later—
December was close to ending.

Being atop a mountain, it had become fairly colder. Even so, when compared to his original world's Japan, the changes of the four seasons were gentle, and there wasn't really a need for heavy outfits that kept out the cold.

It was after breakfast.

The talk started from Diablo.

"Sasala, about how much more time do you think is needed for the rest of the training?"

"Eh? Training is something that continues throughout one's lifetime, desu....."

"No.....I'm not talking about that sort of spiritualism. I'm talking about how much more time until I can take the trial for breaking through the limit and getting to above level 99."

She hung her head down.

"う.....Y, yes.....Of course, you would worry about that."

His body had already recovered from being strange due to the Gold Fruit, and he had accumulated a fair amount of training with the sword. It was probably a good time for him to test his strength.

"I have a single goal of breaking through the limit. However, I cannot be absent from Faltra City for long. If you say that I cannot take the trial for a while, then I will need to return there temporarily."

"Yes, I understand.....Please.....let me think about it for a bit."

Saying that, she then kept silent.

Diablo turned his eyes to Rem and Shera.

"What will you two do?"

".....For me, I will only do even just a bit more training while you are staying in this area."

"Are you not going to take the trial?"

".....Giving up before challenging something, is not something that I like to do but.....as I am now, I do not believe that I have reached the limit of the Races."

"Fumu."

Certainly, Diablo losing to Rem and Shera in their practice times, hadn't happened.

Shera raised her hand.

"I'll, take the trial—"

"Wha!?Shera, you can't even win against me, you know!?"

"I mean, doesn't it sound like fun?"

".....The Master Swordsman's trial, I've heard that if you fail it, then you will definitely lose your life."

"I don't want, anything painful—."

Rem desperately trained saying that she would catch up to him even if it was just a little. In that alone, her growth speed was number one.

Shera participated with the reason of being because she would be bored alone.

She was lacking enthusiasm though.....

According to Sasala's judgement, it seemed that Shera was the one blessed with talent.

Going "Come to think of it, this girl was also a genius", he remembered.

Even when she was just a child, she was a level 40 Archer—And even though she hasn't done much adventuring, she had now passed level 80.

Shera herself aspired to be a Summoner, but possessing a natural talent as an Archer, it seemed that she also had a hidden aptitude as a Warrior.

After that, Sasala shut herself deep within the estate the whole time.

Part 2

Evening—

Soba was prepared.

Unlike the first time, it was served in a draining basket. Just as Diablo taught her, it was a wooden frame draining basket.

Since they were unable to obtain bamboo (it was unknown if it even existed in this world), some wood used as firewood was shaved down to sticks that were like splittable chopsticks, and those were layered on top of each other to make it.

The soba would split when picked up with chopsticks, and the jaw wouldn't get tired when biting it.

This was soba.

It seemed that Sasala tried out many ways of doing things in terms of the heat level when boiling it and the amount of water when kneading it.

Shera raised a shout of joy.

"De-licious—!!"

".....Personally, I prefer meat, but there is no mistake that this is delicious."

It seemed that Rem also liked it.

Diablo deeply nodded.

"Umu."

The taste of a well-known store deep in the mountains—although it didn't go that far, it was proper soba.

Sasala lowered her head.

"Thank you very much.....I believe that it was thanks to Diablo that it became delicious."

"Hmph.....I merely spoke of my preferred taste."

The one who worked hard, was her.

"When Tou-sama picked me up, he let me eat this soba."

"I see."

So it was a taste of her memories.

He felt like he understood the reason why Sasala, who didn't show much

interest in anything other than the sword, tackled only soba making with zeal. "Tou-sama's soba, it cut really easily, was soft and limp, and I ate it with a spoon though."

Going "Ahaha.....", Sasala made a strained laugh.

Diablo shook his head side-to-side.

"I am sure he made it soft so that it was easy for a child to eat."

"Ah....."

"Well, he might have simply failed in making it though."

"It would have been great, if I had asked him about it.....I, should have.....asked Tou-sama.....about more various things. Not just about the sword."

"That is just how people are. When they get on in years, men will stop talking about themselves. And then, children will take an interest in other places. And when they start having thoughts regarding their parents, it will be when they themselves have become a parent."

There are also cases where at that time, their parents will have already passed away.

Sasala wiped the corner of her eye.

"It is lonesome.....isn't it....."

"When you yourself become a parent, you will understand a parent's feelings a bit."

"Nn.....Is it something like that?"

"Whether it is true or false, you will have to check for yourself."

Diablo wasn't at an age where he could talk about old age, and he had never raised children either.

Sasala nodded.

"About Tou-sama (foster father), and about Tou-sama (father).....I, want to know about them. I will need to live a long life then."

"Now that you mention it, Graham was a hundred years old, wasn't he."

"Yes."

For her to talk about the previous Master Swordsman, there should be a reason for it.

After trying to think about it, it could only be related to their talk that morning. However, Sasala had said nothing about that.

But, as if it were a different topic—

"Diablo.....Tomorrow morning, you will climb the mountain. For the sake of the Master Swordsman's trial."

He replied with a nod.

"Got it."

"It, it is something dangerous where you may lose your life."

"I would have it no other way."

"Also, since it will be a disqualification if you use magic.....please be careful."

"Hou?"

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, there was something called a 《Magic Warrior》. It was a Class like the 《Punching Magician》 for Magicians where they develop in both magic and the sword.

However, in contrast to how the 《Punching Magician》 was a jack-of-all-trades and was unpopular, the 《Magic Warrior》 was a staple class.

At the beginning, they would develop their basic parameters while advancing as a Warrior-type, then after the middle stage, they would obtain great firepower. Sasala made a difficult face.

"Erm.....Th, there are also Warriors that use magic.....but.....Diablo, in your case, if you use your magic, it wouldn't even be a trial."

"That is true too."

If a level 150 Magician were to defeat an enemy meant for a level 99 Warrior, there wouldn't be any meaning to it.

Part 3

Diablo climbed the mountain.

It was like a forest up until the area that the estate was at, but when it became close to the summit, the trees that were taller than a person's height disappeared.

Trees grow even in cold lands and high lands, but in this place that was higher than the surrounding mountains, the winds were too strong.

The seedlings would be blown away before the roots could grow, or the leaves would be blown away and cause them to wither.

"Uu—, so tired—"

Shera raised a groan, and Rem encouraged her.

"This is why I told you to wait at the estate. If it's now, you can still go back."

"I don't want to wait all by myself, and I don't want to go back by myself even more."

Sasala also raised her voice.

"P, please hang in there.....We are almost there."

—Good grief.

Diablo looked over his shoulder.

"Following me in a crowd like that. Wasn't the trial something meant to be challenged alone?"

"ゞ.....I, I am, monitoring you. To make sure that you won't use magic."

"I do not mind the monitoring though."

Rem answered.

".....It is for visual training."

"I'm here to cheer. Diablo, do your best♥."

Shera waved her hand.

—Is it alright for a trial to surpass the limit of the Races to be treated like an athletic meet like this?

They came out to a flat area.

It was a barren place with nothing but sand and stones.

From the other side of the shade of the rocks, an earth tremor drew near.

—So it came out.

Diablo drew the long sword that hung on his waist, the 《Seraphic Sword》.

"Be careful!"

Rem shouted, but Sasala stopped her with one hand.

"Please get back! From here on out, you are not allowed to even give advice."

".....I, I understand."

"Nnnn"

Shera covered up her own mouth with both of her hands.

The three of them separated from him.

Since Diablo was a Magician in the MMORPG Cross Reverie, he had not cleared the Warrior's trial.

However, he grasped the contents from the walkthrough site.

He needed to defeat the Demonic Beast 《Great Master》 unaided.

Sasala did not speak of the details, but he had in fact anticipated it.

From the shade of the rocks, *nu*, a large body revealed itself.

"OOOOOOO!!"

It had a skeleton head, and a body of nothing but bones. Within its ribcage, a scarlet crystal shined. If it was just in appearances, it was close to the small fry monster called Skeleton, but it was too gigantic.

And then, it held a stone large sword in its hand.

Diablo stuck his left hand out towards the enemy and—

"Whoops....."

going with the natural flow, he almost used magic.

A monster that was gigantic and could only fight with close combat, that was a good target.

Diablo fixed his stance.

The stone large sword had a far longer reach than his own 《Seraphic Sword》.

Should he charge in from afar?

It was a hand often used, but it was not to his liking.

He was not fast enough to be considered as being on the side that uses charging in-type attacks.

It would be different if he had the speed of a 《Magi Gunner》's bullet but..... otherwise, the side being charged at would be able to calmly cope to a

surprising degree.

No matter what move it is, using it haphazardly is a poor plan.

He slowly closed the distance.

So fun, is how he felt.

This was the exact opposite way a Magician would fight.

After all, even though he would normally stay distant and formulate a plan, now he was getting closer himself.

"Hmph.....Fufufu....."

He spontaneously leaked out a laughter.

The Great Master swung its stone large sword.

"JIEAAAA!"

—I'll evade this.

Despite its large build, it was unthinkably fast.

However, if compared to Sasala's attack, it wasn't that fast.

He moved his weight from his left foot to his right foot.

He pulled his leftover left foot.

Without moving the center of his body from his spinal column, his stance didn't break.

In the past, he would jump around like a grasshopper to dodge. If he was going to counter attack with magic, then that would be fine but.....

If both of his feet weren't firmly on the ground, then he wouldn't have a live sword.

Diablo used it.

"《Sword Smite III》!!"

It was a charge in-type Martial Art.

After purposely entering the opponent's range, dodging their attack, and finding an opening—

There was meaning to using it with this timing.

The Great Master was in the middle of its stiffness from using a move.

《Sword Smite III》 was a part of a Martial Art series where after closing the distance in one go, it would slash at the enemy.

It was possible to cancel the attack after the approach and change to a different action. Not doing that made one be considered a beginner.

However, he knew of the meaning of "things like cancelling in Sword Smite was

airplay" that was spoken in a section of walkthrough BBS.
Airplay was where even though someone hadn't actually played the game, just by seeing it in a video or a walkthrough site, they can speak of it like an expert at it.

Diablo didn't cancel the attack.

He didn't need to.

The Great Master was in the middle of stiffness, so his attack would definitely hit.

If it hit, then it was possible to bring in a consecutive attack.

"Haaaaaa!!"

《Heat Sonic》—It was a Martial Art learned at level 80. It was a powerful technique that makes the edge go red hot, and cuts eight times in an instant. The Great Master's right arm broke. Together with the stone large sword, it fell to the ground.

"OOOOOOOO!!"

It raised a ground shaking scream.

Diablo made a follow-up blow.

"One more!"

Again, he hit a 《Heat Sonic》 on it.

Bisecting its rib cage, he broke the scarlet crystal that was within it. That was indeed its vital spot.

The Great Master raised a voice of death throes.

—Did I do it!?

No, not yet!?

A defeated Demonic Beast should turn into particles of light.

The Great Master's broken crystal scattered about. When those pieces fell to the ground, the ground swelled.

"Mu!?"

The rocks broke, and new Great Masters appeared.

Moreover, it was the same as the number of fragments.

It increased into six of them.

Diablo curved the ends of his lips.

"Kukuku.....That's how it needs to be.....I, will surpass the limits of the Races as a Warrior after all!"

He hit another Martial Art on one of the Great Masters.

"GUGAAAAAA!!"

Piercing from the back side of its body, a different stone large sword came pushing through.

—They pierced their companion!?

Struck with the stiffness after a Martial Art, he received a direct hit.

"Gugah!?"

Blown off, he tumbled onto the ground.

Diablo's flank was grandly opened, and blood came gushing out.

For an instant, he lost consciousness.

He had a habit of using a potion the moment he felt that he had received great damage.

The habit he had in the game saved Diablo even in this other world.

While he was unconscious, he consumed an 《HP Recovery Potion》.

"Kuh!"

Getting up, he immediately jumped away.

The attack of another Great Master came assailing him.

"JIEAAAA!"

He didn't even have the time to catch his breath.

Come to think of it, Diablo had done nothing but practice going one-on-one.

Something like one-on-many was.....

—No, something like practice, is unneeded!

When he was a Magician, he had experienced it over and over and over.

Diablo had always done it as one-on-many.

With his own movements, he guided the monsters' positions. In a way so that he could momentarily make it a one-on-one.

He would defend against attacks from the enemies that were further back by entering the shadow of the enemy that was before him.

This wasn't anything different.

—Even if my weapon changes to a sword, my experience is useful.

"HA! I am the Demon King Diablo! Even if mere level 99 monsters swarm against me, they are no match for me!!"

Diablo slaughtered the six Great Masters.

Part 4

Sasala felt her chest become hot.

In regards to Diablo, it was hard for her to say that she herself had raised him up. She had the impression that he brought himself up on his own.

Even so, getting the real feeling of the growth of someone she had favored, there was a joy to it.

At the same time, a sense of tension increased.

She tightly clenched her fists.

"....."

"He did it!"

Shera jumped up.

Rem quietly nodded.

".....As expected of him."

"Sasala-chan, Diablo passes, right!?"

".....Isn't that obvious? After seeing that fight, there should be no objection to the fact that Diablo had surpassed the limits of the Races as a Warrior."

In contrast to the two that were in a celebratory mood, Sasala made a serious expression.

"A, about that, I will talk later.....Rem and Shera, please stay here. Absolutely do not come out."

She instructed them to stay in the shadow of the rock.

Shera tilted her head.

Rem noticed it first.

"Could it be!?"

"I, I.....need to settle things."

Sasala rushed out from the shadow of the rock.

"Diablo! Please move back!"

She shouted.

He complied.

"You are going to fight, aren't you?"

It seemed that he had sensed it.

Sasala nodded.

"O, of course."

If there was a strong Adventurer, that would come attacking. It was said that when a high level monster is defeated, recognizing their ability, it would appear from nowhere.

The six Great Masters that Diablo defeated turned into light particles and vanished.

A large monkey densely covered in thick hair stood up.

—The Evil Monkey.

The previous Master Swordsman Graham.

Sasala's foster father. Her benefactor that saved her life, taught her the sword, and raised her.

In its hand, there was a single katana that had a crest of a crescent moon engraved on it.

"OOOOOO....."

"I, I will be his opponent.....Tou-sama. This is what I have decided."

Saying that to Diablo, she thought about things once again.

She didn't know what her foster father's true motives were.

However, the desire that caused him to go as far as changing into an Oni, wasn't it to have a showdown against me? is what Sasala thought.

If he were to have cast away even his own self, not driven by hatred or jealousy, but for the sake of mastering the sword, that was very much like her foster father.

Sasala readied her sword.

With just this, the Evil Monkey wouldn't react.

"Tou-sama.....I will, defeat you."

She released killing intent.

"O, OOOO....."

He readied his katana. It was the completely same stance as her own.

The distance was about twenty steps.

Diablo fell to the back. Sensing Sasala's feelings, he decided to leave this fight to her.

—I need to defeat him!

For the sake of answering, Tou-sama's feelings!

Sasala used a Martial Art.

"Yaa!!"

She swung her sword.

Ignoring the distance of twenty steps, the slash reached the opponent.

—Martial Art 《Limitless》[\[1\]](#)

Since he knew her intentions, there was no way it would hit.

He dodged it.

A counter attack came.

《Crumble》[\[2\]](#)

From a distance, rocks acting as her foothold crumbled.

Sasala jumped to the side, but during that time, her foster father filled in ten steps worth of distance in one go.

《Instant Thrust》[\[3\]](#)

They glared at each other at a close distance.

"Tou-sama!"

"GUOOOOOOOOO!"

He came slashing at her.

There was trace of his olden days in his appearance. It was a large monkey densely covered in thick hair. It was the Evil Monkey.

Right before the slash of his katana reached Sasala—

His opponent moved back.

At almost the same time, she had launched her own slash.

It was called 《Placement Stone》[\[4\]](#).

It was a Martial Art that made the opponent cut air and launches an attack that is momentarily delayed.

Making use of her foster father's intent of attacking, she made herself the bait, but it seemed that he sensed it just before it happened.

"You sure are composed....."

Remembering the days she passed together with her foster father, Sasala felt like crying.

The desire of wanting to cross swords with him even just a little bit longer, and the feeling of not wanting to see her completely changed foster father.

She herself needed to be composed—she was self-aware of that.

If things dragged on, openings would surely be created.

It started again from Sasala.

"Yaa!!"

"OU!"

He repelled the attack with his katana.

So powerful.

With that physical strength, there was no mistake that her foster father had become stronger than when he was human.

Fast.

The speed of his slashes increased.

His precision was also high.

The sharpness of his techniques increased.

Even so, Sasala was stronger, faster, and more skillful.

On the twentieth crossing of their swords, she had cornered her opponent. Hitting the crescent moon katana from below, she repelled it up.

"Seei!!"

"Gah!?"

Her opponent's flank was open.

If she mowed down his torso, it would end. Defeating the Evil Monkey, this fight would end.

"ツ.....Tou-sama.....!!"

Her hands trembled.

She had trouble breathing.

Tears overflowed.

Sasala didn't cut him down.

Translator's Notes:

[1] Original: 無極, Read as: むき

[2] Original: 崩, Read as: ほう

[3] Original: 瞬突, Read as: しゆんとつ

[4]

Original: 置き石. I don't know if this is supposed to be a reference to the handicap stone in "Go" or if it just a reference to a decorative garden stone.

Part 5

Diablo shouted her name.

So a level 200 fight was this fierce—is what he thought in astonishment. It was an exchange of what seemed like rule breaking Martial Arts that he had no idea how to deal with.

Before, Sasala had said “as an Adventurer, you’re probably stronger than someone like me” but, how would it be if she fought seriously?

At the very least, if it were Diablo before he leveled up as a Warrior-type, he would have been cut down with the first Martial Art that ignored distance.

Even the Evil Monkey, as expected of something that was the previous Master Swordsman Graham who had turned into an Oni. He was unmistakably a formidable enemy.

Even so, Sasala was the superior one.

Taking control of their fight, she broke the enemy’s stance. He thought that she would kill him with that last attack.

At that instant—

She was not a Master Swordsman, but had returned to a girl that missed her foster father.

"Sasalaaaaaa!!"

Diablo’s shout didn’t get through.

There was no way the Evil Monkey would let that opening get away.

Without any hesitation, he struck his katana on her.

"う！"

Sasala fell face down onto the ground.

Fresh red blood spread out on the rocky area.

It was an attack that slashed diagonally from the shoulder. Most likely, it had reached her heart, and seemed like it resulted in instant death.

Diablo’s hand trembled.

He took his Magic Staff, the 《Tonnerre Empereur》, out from his pouch. At the same time, he also took out an Ability Increasing Potion.

The enemy was a level 200 Warrior—

Just him going all out still wasn't enough.

"《Flare Burst》!!"

Last time, he had evaded this.

However, the fact that he evaded it should mean that he can't withstand it.

Just as expected, the Evil Monkey jumped away before the explosion could happen.

Gaining a small bit of time, Diablo transformed the 《Tonnerre Empereur》. Into the Magic Sword clad in purple lightning, 《Libéré》.

With this, his attack would increase sevenfold. However, his MP consumption would also skyrocket.

"《Lightning Arrow》!!"

Arrows of light, enough to cover up the sky, headed towards the Evil Monkey from all directions.

There is no way he could evade this.

"Shi!!"

Astonishingly, the Evil Monkey cut away the approaching 《Lightning Arrows》. It were as if there were a barrier made through slashes.

So it meant that magic with that level of power wouldn't get through.

"In that case, 《Lightning Bullet》!!"

Next came bullets of light.

The power was in a different league.

It was originally a single shot attack, but it increased to several bullets through 《Libéré》.

He evaded them.

"Kuh....."

He was too fast.

Even if it was done from a bit of a distance, to think that not even the magic that took down Feudal Lord Galford would get through to him at all.

"OOOOO!!"

The Evil Monkey swung down his katana.

Diablo moved to the side.

The slash bisected the air. So it was the Martial Art that ignored distance.

If he had not seen Sasala use it in the earlier fight, he would have been killed.

—So what I need is a high powered, impossible to evade, ranged attack!

"《Cross Blizzard》!!"

Countless tornadoes came forth.

They would freeze everything that they touched, and would break and scatter that through the gales.

The Evil Monkey kicked the ground.

He immediately closed the distance.

It was because if the caster were killed, the magic would vanish.

"OOOOO!!"

The slash of a former Master Swordsman, came falling.

Diablo caught that with the Magic Sword 《Libéré》.

"Gah!!"

His bones creaked.

He felt like he was going to be blown away.

However, he endured it.

Firmly stepping on the ground with his feet, and putting all of his body's strength into his sword, he pushed back.

If he were to lose to the pressure, his posture would break. And if that were to happen, he wouldn't be able to cope with the next attack.

"GOOOOOO!!"

The flow was the same as his fight with Sasala earlier. At a distance where it seemed like he could reach if he extended out his hand, he stopped his feet threw countless slashes.

What was different was—that Diablo's ability was not yet good enough for him to cross swords with the Evil Monkey.

A one-sided defensive fight.

Moreover, it was difficult to even defend against him.

Diablo curved the ends of his lips.

"Hmph.....Damned monkey.....Haven't you forgotten something?"

"GOFUU!?"

"《Dark Press》!!"

Magic from up close.

Moreover, having no need for it to make a direct hit, it was an area attack, though the range was quite short.

Making the opponent's weight increase several times, it would seal their

movements.

With the Evil Monkey's level, it would have a limited effect but.....his slashes had definitely weakened.

In addition to that, while catching the opponent's katana with his Magic Sword, he stuck out his left hand.

"Be frozen! 《Absolute Zero》!!"

However, Diablo's left hand that was stuck out, was sent flying.

Fresh blood scattered about.

"Wha!?"

"GUFUO"

—So everything up until now was just a lure!?

In the Evil Monkey's left hand, he was gripping a short sword.

Where was he carrying it?

By perceiving the opponent from their outward appearance to their equipment, Diablo was able to guess variations in their way of fighting.

Even though the opponent's equipment should have only been a single Japanese sword.....

"Diablo—!?"

Probably watching from the shadow of the rocks, Shera raised a scream-like shout.

In front of those girls, he would not show an unsightly appearance.

He gritted his teeth.

—Did you think you won just by taking a single left arm!!

Diablo made him eat a head-but.

The Evil Monkey tried to evade it, but it hit his left shoulder.

"UU!?"

"The activation requirement, is touch!"

There was no rule that said that it had to be done with a hand.

《Absolute Zero》 activated.

The Evil Monkey started to freeze from his left shoulder.

At that rate, his whole body would surely turn into an ice sculpture—But things wouldn't go so easily.

With instant judgement, he swung his katana towards his own body.

Fresh blood spilled onto the ground.

Into the pool of blood, *botori*, the Evil Monkey's left arm fell. It was frozen. The hand breaking, the short sword fell out.

The Evil Monkey's short sword that fell onto the ground, as if it had melted, vanished. However, with the blood from cutting Diablo, and through the Evil Monkey's own blood, Diablo knew that it had existed there.

—Was it a short sword that could turn invisible!?

What was unknown at level 200 wasn't just the techniques, but the weapons as well.

Both sides had lost their left arms.

However, it was hard to say that they were equal.

Diablo became unable to use any sort of potion. There was no way he could let go of the weapon he held in his right hand.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, there was no loss of limbs, and no matter how much damage was received, items wouldn't become unusable.

In this other world, it was different.

Diablo's body wasn't as sturdy as a level 200 Warrior's body. He was at a disadvantage in a drawn-out battle while bleeding out.

—I have no choice but to decide the match with the next attack!

However, the Evil Monkey's gaze was glaring at something different from Diablo.

"GRRRR....."

"Wha!? You, where are you going!?"

The Evil Monkey kicked the ground, and started running in an unexpected direction.

Towards the two girls watching from the shadow of the rock—Towards Rem and Shera.

Did he react to something?

The Evil Monkey's target was moved from Diablo who was in front of him to Shera. Was it when she raised her scream not long ago?

Diablo's heart sprang up.

"As if I'd let you go! 《Lightning Meteo》!!"

Countless lightning attacks fell towards the Evil Monkey.

The enemy gouged the ground with his katana.

Breaking the rocks, a cloud of dust fluttered about.

Right before the lightning of the 《Lightning Meteo》 hit the Evil Monkey, it hit the fragments and sand that were blown up, and then flowed towards the ground just like that.

—He cut the ground and turned it into a lightning rod!?

It did nothing but slow him down.

Faster than Diablo could fire his next move, the Evil Monkey arrived at the spot the girls were at.

"OOOOO!!"

"Hii!?"

Shera was a genius as an Archer, but she was weak when danger drew near. Her body freezing up in fear, she became unable to move.

Rem met the enemy with a Summoned Beast.

"《Aslau》!!"

Being cut away with a single sword stroke, it turned into a black crystal.

No matter how strengthened it was by her equipment, with a level 40 Summoned Beast, it wouldn't even work as a shield.

The Evil Monkey turned towards Shera, and swung down his katana.

When Diablo was about to fire a whole body magic—

"Wha!?"

There was someone that caught the Evil Monkey's katana.

They cut in in front of Shera, with a sword in hand.

It was Sasala.

Blood was flowing from her forehead.

"T, Tou-sama.....Please stop.....Shera is.....my disciple and.....m, my friend.....-nan desu."

Shera shouted Sasala's name.

Rem opened her eyes wide in astonishment.

"So you were alive, Sasala!?"

"I, I.....seem to have a constitution where I don't receive damage, once per day, after all."

"But, the blood is....."

"I was fine, being cut but.....since I was slammed down into the rock underfoot with a lot of force, I hit my head."

It seemed that she flashily started bleeding because of that, and had lost

consciousness for a while.

Diablo let out a loud voice.

"I will ask you this, once more, Sasala! You are going to fight, aren't you?!"

"Y, yes. I will fight."

"Will you cut him down!?"

"'.....That is.....If that is, Tou-sama's desire!"

She pushed back the katana she caught.

The Evil Monkey moved back.

Sasala held her sword overhead.

That sword, carried a light to it.

She looked defenseless, but the Evil Monkey didn't attack carelessly. So it was because he knew about it that he didn't make a move.

Sasala opened her lips.

It was quiet, but it was a voice filled with resolve.

"Tou-sama.....This is the last move that I was taught by you, Tou-sama. I beg of you, please see it with your own eyes."

"GRRRR.....OOOOOOOOO!!"

The Evil Monkey shrieked, and raised his katana overhead.

Sasala also responded.

"TEIYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!"

Whole bodied howls.

The light that dwelled within her sword enveloped Sasala's whole body, and before long, everything was turned into a torrent of light.

It resembles 『Transfer』—is what Diablo thought. It was a magic where one would turn into light and travel to another town in an instant. In this world, there was surely didn't exist movement that was faster than that.

It was an instant.

No, was there even the passage of an instant?

At the same time she turned into light, it was already over.

When he realized it, Sasala already stood at the Evil Monkey's back. Her sword was swung down.

And then, even the Evil Monkey, his katana had taken a full swing.

"KA....."

Between the two that had their backs turned towards each other—

Sasala collapsed.

Did she lose!?

Diablo rushed over to her.

"Oi!?"

He roused her in his arms.

Sasala, shedding tears, cried.

"I, I did it....."

"What did you say?"

Diablo moved his eyes to the Evil Monkey.

Dropping his katana, he turned around to face this way.

On his body, there was the sign of being deeply cut from his left shoulder to his right flank.

Blood was spurting out.

Hara hara His monkey fur fell.

The appearance that was a large monkey densely covered in thick hair turned into his former human appearance.

".....That was magnificent."

The one who was the Evil Monkey—the previous Master Swordsman Graham, collapsed onto the floor.

Sasala rushed over to him.

"'Υ!? T, Tou-sama!??"

"Fu, fufu.....So despite, turning into an Oni.....I couldn't reach you....."

"Tou-sama! I, I.....I....."

While shedding tears, Sasala hugged Graham. Her shoulders trembling, she wept.

".....Y, your sword.....had reached the state the founder had sought after.....As your teacher, there is no greater.....happiness."

"N, no way.....Someone like me, still had far to go!"

"However.....I became impatient.....For a match with an extremely great swordsman. E, even if.....I had to fall into heresy....."

As they thought, he did it for the sake of fighting against Sasala.

He sought a single bout not as her parent, nor as her Shishou, but as a single Warrior.

Going *gohoh*, Graham coughed violently, and spat out blood.

"Tou-sama!"

".....Do not cry.....I.....am satisfied. H, having fought.....with the serious you.....it was the best match, of my life.....Guh.....It's unfortunate but, this body was simply incompetent."

"Tou-sama, I, simply did as you had taught me....."

"Something like, my teachings are....."

Diablo stood at the side.

""The arts of a Master Swordsman, are for the sake of teaching people"—That is what I have heard. In that case, you should be proud, predecessor. The daughter you had raised, is the strongest Warrior."

It seemed that Graham was no longer able to move.

He moved only his eyes towards him.

".....O strong, Adventurer."

"I am your disciple's disciple though."

His voice became softer.

".....care.....hter.....Take care.....of my daughter"

"Leave it to me."

With a trembling hand, Graham entrusted his katana to the young girl.

"Sa.....sa.....la."

"Tou-sama!"

"....."

His last words, didn't make a sound.

However, his expression, was that of a father looking at his daughter.

The previous Master Swordsman breathed his last breath.

He would never open his closed eyes again.

Sasala fell onto his chest.

"AAAAAAAAAAaaaa, Tou-samaaaaaaaaaaaaaa—!!"

Diablo couldn't do anything but watch.

He had no words of comfort.

It was because he felt that it was what Graham desired and thought that there would be a meaning to it for the two of them that he entrusted the conclusion to Sasala.

However, was he truly not mistaken about that?

A young girl killed the foster father she loved and respected with her own

hands.

—Was this the correct thing to do?

He would surely carry this question for the rest of his life.

Interlude

Faltra City—

Snack time.

Krum was eating biscuits at 《Peter》.

"*Uma uma*.....As expected, Peter's biscuits are tasty -noda! When speaking of Peter, it has to be about the biscuits -nanoda!"

"Haha.....This place, is a bakery though."

Having come out to serve customers since they were lacking manpower, Peter No. 3 (the youngest brother) made a wry smile.

He was a Grasswalker baker, and wore a red apron. His long rabbit ears and big tail were the trademarks.

"Maou likes the biscuits -nanoda."

"Well, I'm grateful for that but.....Occasionally, I'd like it if you ate some bread too."

Edelgart stood behind Peter who said that.

"Demon King-sama～.....Oppose her? Oppose? Punish?"

Bloodlust.

Peter No. 3's rabbit ears trembled.

"Awawa.....W, welcome to the biscuit store 《Peter》! Biscuits, are— the— best—!"

Krum held her sides laughing.

"Hya hya hya.....Wasn't this a Demonic Being Cafe!?"

"If you understand that, would you at least order a drink, Demon King-sama!?"

"Water."

"Ehh—"

Peter's rabbit ears drooped.

Edelgart took the round tray in her hand and pointed it at the tip of Peter's nose

as if it she were holding a spear or something. When it poked him, it felt like the tray would prick him even though it shouldn't be able to.

"Demon King-sama~.....desires water. Fetch it? Fetch it!"

"You want me to do it? Aren't you the employee, and I'm the manager.....Ah, yes!
Water, coming right— up. Please wait a moment!"

Peter ran to the counter.

He immediately came back bringing water.

"Here ya go, Demon King-sama."

Dan! Krum hit the table with both hands.

Scattering fragments of biscuits, she shouted.

"They moved!"

"Hie!? Th, the biscuits did.....?"

"Modinalaam did!"

"Ha?"

Peter was unable to understand.

However, due to Diablo, the story was spread beforehand.

A single man who should have been a customer hurriedly came rushing over. He knelt down at Krum's side.

"That story, could you please tell me about it in detail!?"

"You are?"

"I am a subordinate of Feudal Lord Galford-sama."

When Peter suddenly looked around, the Adventurer men, the Magician men, and the Priest men, they all made serious faces and turned their gazes towards Krum.

—Eh? What? These people, are they all connected to Krum-chan? No wonder it was crowded even though it was only four in the afternoon!

Feudal Lord Galford, Adventurer's Guild Guildmaster Sylvie, Magician's Guild Head Celestine, High Chief Priest Lumachina, Krum was made a target of surveillance by all of these people.

As a result of every organization dispatching several subordinates, it turned into this kind of situation.

Krum folded her arms.

"Hmph.....Well, although I am not pleased with all of you accompanying me in droves.....since it was my master's command, I shall tell you -noda."

She pointed to the west.

"Modinalaam has moved. They are headed here."

"'y!! W, when will they reach this town!?"

"I do not know! But, at this rate.....It'll be after nine days. Since they are slow, they are probably together with other Demonic Beings."

"Thank you very much!"

The man who was dressed as an ordinary person stood up and saluted. He urgently left the store.

The others did the same.

"So they've come!""It's going to start!""It's war!"

It's war!

It's war!

It's war!

Those kinds of words were overheard.

Krum reseated herself in the chair.

"Hmph.....It's finally gotten quiet -noda. Well, that's probably only for now though."

"Demon King-sama~, Modinalaam.....is?"

"What will you do, Edelgart? Rather than this Maou, isn't Modinalaam a Maou closer to what you wish for? That fellow intends on fighting against the Races."

"Nn.....Edelgart has~, sworn loyalty to Krebskrum-sama? Has sworn loyalty!

No, more. Will not, change."

"Is that so."

"This 《Peter》~, will disappear~? Troubled? Job, disappear. Demon King-sama's biscuits, cannot buy? Troubled!"

"Umu.....So you do understand. I shall give you a biscuit."

With Krum holding it out, Edelgart held it in her mouth.

"Hamu."

Eating it up, she even licked the small fingers that held it. She displayed an ecstatic expression.

Going *Ha!*, Peter No. 3 opened his eyes wide.

"Those guys, they dined-and-dashed—!?"



Epilogue

—The Demon King army's invasion.

That information promptly reached not only Faltra City, but the surrounding towns as well.

More so than the inner areas of the Lifelia Kingdom, the Demon King territory side made preparations to cope with the emergency.

In the plaza, a four colored smoke signal was lit, and it was well-known for the nearby people of the Races.

It was well-known even at the Master Swordsman's hermitage.

Having finished the fierce fight with the Evil Monkey, Diablo's group returned to the estate.

Sasala was in her private room at the back.

With the Martial Art that she used at the end, 《Daybreak》^[1], seeming to have extremely exhausted her, and maybe due to the mental burden that was laid on top of that, she was in bed with a fever.

Shera looked after her.

Diablo was sitting in front of the hermitage. He was thinking about remedial measures.

Coming out to the yard, Rem ran up to him.

"It's the Demon King army!"

"What!?"

".....A four colored smoke signal is a notification of an invasion. I don't know when it will happen though."

Getting to Sodmas from Faltra with a carriage took about five days.

"It might have started already."

".....Or.....there is also the possibility that it has already finished."

Diablo shook his head sideways.

Krum said that she grasped the movements of the Great Demon King ahead of time. Besides, there was also Galford and the Adventurers. As if they would lose so easily.

"We need to hurry."

That was all he said.

Rem nodded.

"I will tell Shera. Um.....What about Sasala?"

"We cannot bring along, those who cannot fight."

".....That's true."

At that time, the sliding door that connected to the inside of the estate opened up.

The appearance of Sasala in her sleep-wear was displayed. Behind her, Shera, who was making a worried face, was accompanying her.

"Di.....Diablo.....D, do you plan on leaving me behind?"

"Sasala-chan, you can't push yourself!"

"Shera, thank you.....for worrying about me. But, I will do my best."

In the Master Swordsman's hand—

There was the katana with a crescent moon crest engraved on it.

Diablo asked her a question.

"Will you fight?"

".....I, I heard that the existence of the Races is on the line. Also that, the Demon King army is strong."

"Umu."

"When my disciples.....when my friends, are proceeding towards that sort of fight, I can't be sleeping."

"Yosh, then make preparations for war! We depart immediately!"

Lifelia Calendar, Year 164, December 24—

The 《King-led Great Demon King Army》 that the Great Demon King Modinalaam commanded, started its invasion of the territory of the Races. It showed its strange form, to Fortress City Faltra.

Translator's Notes:

[1]

Original: 曙光, Read as: シヨコウ. Could also be translated to Dawn.

Afterword

Thank you very much for reading the eighth volume of [Isekai Maou to Shoukan Shoujo no Dorei Majutsu].

Sorry for making you all wait for so long, this is the author Murasaki Yukiya.

In this volume, Krum and Edelgart play a very active part after such a long time. Since I plan on having them play an even more active part in the next volume, I am looking forward to it.

And then, the Master Swordsman whose setting was the only thing that had been there since long ago has finally made her appearance. Although she was not a visitor from another world, she was made to be an existence given paranormal abilities.

In the next volume, it seems like she will be grouped together with Rose as the vanguard but.....well now, how will their compatibility be?

Please expect much from the activities of the leveled up Diablo.

Having no leeway in the number of pages to put in a short story this time as well, I might have no choice but to make a collection of short stories at this point.....is how I feel. I will do my best.

Volume 9 will be the climax of the Great Demon King arc! The publication will be within the year! (That is the plan)

This is some advertisement—The comicalization by means of Fukuda Naoto-sensei is going swimmingly. The fifth volume will be published on the 9th of the same month as this book. The serialization is in the WEB manga Niconico Seiga [Wednesday Series].

[The 14 Year Old and the Illustrator] (MF Bunko J) that Illustrator Mizoguchi Cage-sensei is also designing is in the middle of publication. It is a comedy about the work of a popular illustrator and a 14-year-old heroine.

The long running war chronicle of [Altina the Sword Princess], and the novelization of the strategy game [The Millennium War, The White Empire Arc] (Famitsu Bunko) are in the middle of publication. Please treat all of them well!

Thanks—

Tsurusaki Takahiro-sensei, if I had written it just as you had roused it up to be, I feel like Krum's scene would have turned into something incredible! Thank you very much for your wonderful illustrations!

Designer from Afterglow, Ooishi-sama, thank you very much this time as well.

Shouji-sama who is in charge of editing, the birthday event the other day was a great success wasn't it. Let me say it once again, congratulations! Everyone of the Kodansha Lightnovel Bunko Editorial Department and people of the staff. Family and friends that gave me support. And then, I give my highest level of gratitude to the dear readers that read this. Thank you very much!

Murasaki Yukiya